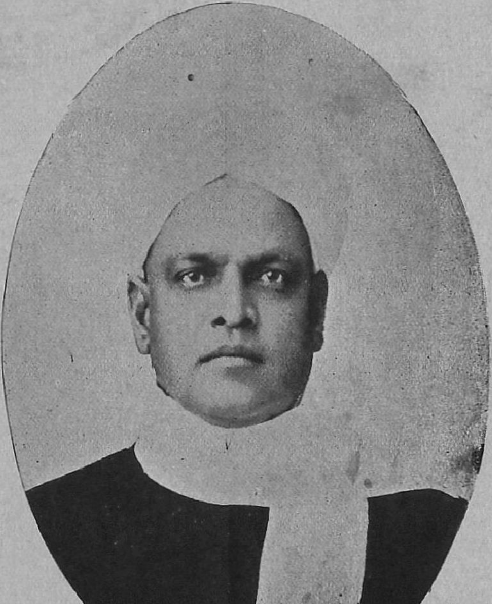

THE Rt. HON'BLE Mr. SRINIVASA SASTRI.

24 MAR 1922

The Journal of The Kumbakonam College Literary Society.

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EDITORIAL.

This term has been made memorable by the visit of His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales to the capital of our Province. Our College, second to none in loyalty, was represented by our Principal, one of the senior lecturers and sixteen students from the various classes at the presentation of the address in the Senate House by our University. We beg to convey our heartfelt and loyal thanks to His Royal Highness for the honour of this visit and hope that he will carry with him pleasant memories of our country. We wish him a happy voyage after the conclusion of his busy Indian programme.

"Summer is ycumen in" though we are according to the Calendar yet in Panguni and the Sisira (cold) season; and our various academic and athletic activities are practically over for the term. The Principal's report of the work of the College and the reports of the various branches of the College Union will be found in their due places in this issue. The students will, it is hoped, lay to heart the advice of Mr. Walsh, the President of the College Day Celebrations, to use their judgments well and not to allow themselves to be led away by catchwords in the

political or other fields of public life, to pay greater attention to their physique and strive to maintain the old reputation of the College in athletic activities, especially in Football, and lastly to evolve out of their large numbers a worthy corps to take its place in a University Regiment of Territorials. With respect to the last item they will remember also the exhortations of their Principal, and the eloquent appeal of their lecturers Rao Sahib T. K. Hanumantha Rao Avergal and N. Raghavacharya Avergal respectively to their feelings of national self respect and to their instincts of self-defence and of chivalry which it is time to revive.

We hail the institution of the D. Sc. and the Agricultural degrees, in our University; the latter brings the Agricultural college into its fold.

The reduction of the percentage of marks required in the English Division of the B. A. pass course has mollified the stern aspect of the University Examinations somewhat, and it is cheerfully hoped that this will be able to work the inside of the gorgon also to corresponding softness.

Will the Senate see its way to approve the proposal of Mr. Gardiner to make English one of the optional languages in Part One of the Pass Course? The Intermediate standard in English is a sufficient foundation for the Professional courses of study. It should be sufficient even for Law Degrees as it once used to be in this University. We feel confident that the acceptance of the proposal will open the field for the vernaculars, and will soon enable them to make themselves competent rivals of English in every aspect of culture. We hope that the stream of vernacular literature will gather volume and strength, health and freshness in the course of a few years and adequately reflect the ancient civilisation and the steady progress under modern conditions of the South Indian peoples. This was the burden of our

Principal's speech at the close of the Tamil Drama "Usha-parinayam," and the needed increased attention to our vernaculars was dwelt upon vigorously on the same occasion by one of the foremost citizens of Kumbakonam.

The public of Kumbakonam literally patronised our academic stage and seemed to relish the three plays we had the honour of presenting during the last fortnight of the Christmas term. Medals, in spite of the wrecked Laputan's sour vision (which will entertain the readers of this issue) have their own value, and most of the important actors in each of the plays have received this kind of recognition and encouragement. '*Tanmayatvam raseshu*" Imaginative identification of the actor with the rasa or sentiment he is presenting) is the supreme test of acting according to the highly cultured Buddist nun, Parivrajika, in Malavikagnimitra, and we note with great pleasure that this was generally felt to have been fulfilled to a pretty high degree in the case of our Antony and Vakulavalika and Malati.

An interesting feature of the Sanskrit play was the skilful manipulation of some of the prose speeches into delightful little songs. Local stage tradition and tastes seem to have been consulted in the matter but some of the merely academic spectators may be excused if they felt that the songs rather disturbed the serenity of the classical dialogues and soliloquies. The lyrics of the original were adequate for the musical entertainment, one might think. The same concession to local taste perhaps accounts for the chorus of musicians with cymbals and odd gestures that hung about the heroine Malavika in her wondrous fairy dance. These are perhaps, after all, merely matters of opinion like the dresses of the actors in the various plays. The actors were enthusiastic, the public indulgent and eager, and the presentations were a success.

The visit of Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon was however, the principal event of our Christmas term, and in spite of the unexpected downpour, the programme was successfully gone through with the exception of the launching of the two new canoes that were constructed for the occasion. His Excellency warmly appealed to the example of Messrs. Porter and Gopal Rao for the hearty co-operation of Europeans and Indians in the uplift of our country. The exhortation deserves to be borne in mind by all lovers of India in these days of unrest and mutual mistrust. We invite the attention of our readers to the speech of His Excellency on the occasion of the unveiling of the portraits of the old revered beloved Principals of our College, and also to the brilliant articles on 'Tagore' and the Hon'ble Mr. V. S. Sreenivasa Sastri in English, and that on the life of the recently retired Tamil Pandit in Tamil, and take this opportunity of thanking the authors, Messrs S K. Yegnanarayana Iyer, Aramutha Iyengar and Doraisami Iyer for their contributions.

We wish the Examinees success in the forthcoming University Examinations and well-earned rest to all in the Summer recess.

D. A. N.

COLLEGE NOTES

Mr. E. J. B. Greenwood of the P. W. D. Secretariat has presented our College Canoe Club with three pairs of silk flags and we thank Mr. Greenwood for his valueable present.

The members of the Canoe Club went on a trip to Kapistalam in November last when they were the guests of Mr. Moopanar.

Dewan Bahadur Sir T. Sadasiva Aiyar Avl., B.A. M.L. Ex-Judge of the Madras High Court and an 'Old Boy

of our college delivered a lecture under the auspices of the Hostel Association, on 'His Reminiscenees as a student of the Kumbakonam College'

The title of Rao Saheb has been conferred as a mark of personal distinction, on Mr. T. K. Hanumantha Rao our Chemistry Lecturer.

Mr. S. Venkatacharya Asst. Lecturer in History has been transferred to the Presidency College and Mr. V. Natesa Aiyar has been posted in his place. A number of entertainments were given in the first week of March in honour of the departing lecturer.

About twenty students of the second class went on a tour to Madras under the leadership of Mr. K. C. Veeraraghava Aiyar in December last when they visited the Buckingham Mills, the Madras Aliminium works etc., and in February they went to Nellikuppam when they visited Messrs. Parry & Co's sugar factory. Mr. K.C. Veeraraghava Aiyar has given a prize for the best description of the tour which we hope to publish in our next issue.

A series of First Aid lectures have been arranged to equip students for the Red Cross examination the first two lectures were delivered early in the month by Dr Ganapathi Aiyar the local Civil Asst., Surgeon.

A number of tournaments were held in February in Football, Hockey, Fives, Badminton and Basket-ball. The names of the winners in each are given elsewhere.

The anniversary of the Hostel Association was celebrated under the presidency of Mr. E. S. Srinivasa Aiyar Deputy Collector and President Hostel Committee when Mr. V. Natesa Iyer delivered the valedictory address.

We regret to note the death of C. Pattabirama Gupta of the I class in December last.

Visit of
Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon.

On the 28th of October, our College had the honour of being visited by Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Willingdon. Precisely at 4-40 P. M. on that day Their Excellencies arrived at the College grounds where they were received by our Principal and taken to the various classes at work.

An Unveiling Ceremony.

At 5, all the students and lecturers had assembled in the IV class Hall where His Excellency was to unveil the portraits of Messrs. Porter and Gopal Rao.

Mr B Venkatraman Secretay of the Literary Society in requesting His Excellency to unveil the portraits of the two great men read the following address of welcome to H. E. on behalf of the students.

The Address.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

We, the students of the College Union, humbly approach Your Excellency with a loyal heart and deep devotion to the Throne and convey to you our feelings of heart-felt gratitude for the honour you have done us in consenting to preside over the function of this evening to unveil the portraits of the two greatest Educationists of Southern India.

Messrs. W. A. Porter and Rao Bahadur Tandalam Gopala Rao were two of the brightest stars in the Educational firmament of this Presidency who by their kindly sympathy, deep learning and unselfish devotion to duty, endeared themselves to all who sat at their feet, and made this institution, the loving field of their labours, one of the foremost colleges of this Presidency, and gained for it the unique distinction of being called "The Cambridge of Southern India." They were pioneers in the field of education and as such were characterised by all the noble qualities which mark them out as great. From the depths of their heart they felt and out of the fullness of their heart

they gave; and what was thus given was lovingly and reverently cherished by their pupils which in fulluess of time ripened forth into full frution. Surrounded by a brilliant galaxy of men of their own making, they worked in unison dominated by one idea of how best to develop and draw out the latent powers of the young wards entrusted to their care, and in this they were eminently successful and felt amply rewarded. The fame of the College spread far and wide and votaries of learning flocked to it from all parts of the Presidency. Amongst the alumni of the College can be found many who have highly distinguished themselves in various walks of life both public and private and the latest addition to that brilliant band of men is the Rt. Hon ble Mr. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri.

It has been the earnest wish of this Union to perpetuate the memory of eminent men who have built up the reputation of this college by suitable memorials, which will inspire the hearts of generation of young seekers after knowledge.

As a first instalment towards the realisation of this ambition, the College Union has resolved to adorn the College hall with the portraits of these two, to whom more than to any other the college may be said to owe its great reputation.

It is a circumstance of happy augury that we should have been granted the privilege of having these portraits unveiled by your Excellency. We cannot adequately express how honoured we feel that your Excellency should have condescended to perform this function.

Now, on behalf of the College Union, I humbly request Your Excellency to unveil the portraits.

H. E's. Speech

His Excellency then rose amidst loud cheers and in unveiling the portraits made a memorable speech in the course of which he expressed his gratification at having had the opportunity of doing honour to two gentlemen, who as had been rightly said, did more than any other body to place the position of the Kumbakonam College so

high in the educational life of the whole of India. He said that he was under some disability in referring to Messrs Porter and Gopal Rao and to their achievements, because he had no personal acquaintance with them; but there was one thing running all through the address—the two gentlemen one the Principal and the other the Asst, Principal—worked together in unison with one common purpose of looking after the highest interests of young Indians. He would tell those present prefectly frankly that there were some people whose object seemed to be to go about the country to say that no Britisher ought to exist or work in this country. And one of the encouraging things he had listened to during his tour was that from the secretary of the College Union who read the address, which he was sure was endorsed by one and all present namely that the Britishers were out in India to help Indians on their way to responsible Government.

After referring to Messrs Porter and Gopal Rao in terms of praise, His Excellency said that he wanted to impress upon the students, that, when they looked at the portraits of the two great men, one a Britisher and the other, an Indian who worked together long years for the good of the youth of India, the Britishers were here working with the Indians for the uplift and not to oust them in any form or way and His Excellency was here to push them on to responsible Government. He also asked the students when looking at the pictures to remember that it was the two gentlemen whose memory they were assembled there to honour that raised the credit of the college to its very high degree and that the students should never do anything in such lines as would bring discredit to the college, but endeavour by every means in their power to emulate the example of some of the great and influential people and when they had come out bring credit—brilliant credit—to the Kumbakonam College.

TAGORE AND HIS MESSAGE TO YOUNG INDIA.*

S. K. YAGNANARAYANA AIYAR M.A.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

I did not realise till now the stupendous nature of the task I have undertaken in so light-hearted a manner when I promised the secretary of your Union to address you this evening; but I feel confident that, whatever defects there may be in my performance, the love you have for the subject of the discourse will secure me your sympathetic attention.

To start with, my young friends, I should apologise to you for talking to you in this foreign tongue. Tagore has always been a champion of the vernacular and all his masterpieces were originally produced only in Bengali. But English has become almost a second vernacular to most of us and you would excuse me the partiality I have for the language in studying which I have spent the best portion of my life.

You would have seen from the notice that has been circulated that the subject of the address is a grandiloquent one :—" Tagore and his message to young India ". I have, however, in anticipation of your permission slightly altered it into " Some lessons I have learned from Tagore". I flatter myself that I am still young and the lessons I have learned may not be inappropriately called his message to Young India.

There are various ways in which one may study Tagore. The beauty and variety of his forms of expression, his inexhaustible store of similes, the richness and significance of his thought, how his works are the natural outcome of his training and environment :—these and many others will suggest themselves to any earnest student of Tagore;

* A lecture delivered before the College Union in November 1921.

and there are excellent appreciations of the poet by Mr.K.S Ramasami Sastrial, Prof Radakrishnan, Mr Earnest Rhys, an authority on Lyric Poetry, and by Mr. Thompson (a recent publication). I intend confining myself, however, to pointing out a few lessons I have learnt from the master.

At the outset I may answer away an objection that may be raised by some as to whether the poet has any lesson at all to teach. Is not a poet, as a member of the guild defined himself to be, "an idle singer of an empty day"? My answer is that Tagore is a poet in the sense in which Carlyle understood the word, that is, one who saw great spiritual truths realised them in his life and gave expression to them in beautiful language. It is the sense in which we consider the great Rishis of our Upanishads, poets, and it is in this sense, I consider Tagore to be a poet. Hence he has many a valuable lesson to teach us.

There are some difficulties in our understanding Tagore correctly. In the first place only a small fraction of his work has been translated into English. He is a very versatile writer. Lectures and Essays on social, political and literary problems, letters, poems of all sorts especially lyrics, songs, dramas, all have been incessantly coming out of this never-failing fountain; but out of this vast mass, only a fraction is available to persons like ourselves who are ignorant of Bengali. His works move down the stream of time like a huge iceberg. While we admire the size and splendour of the portion visible, we have to remember the fact that over three-fourths lie submerged and beyond our ken.

The second difficulty we labour under, is that the many volumes of his works published by Messrs Macmillan & Co have no reference at all to the chronological order of their production They have been translated and published almost at random. Most of you are students of Shakespeare and you know the value of the chronological order of

his works in studying the dramatist. We know how successive generations of Shakespearean scholars have attempted to evolve order out of chaos created by the editors of the first folio. We have now come to realise how much of light is thrown upon the artistic development of an author by a study of his works in the natural order of their production. We are left without this important guidance in our study of Tagore. Gitanjali, Chitra, Crescent moon etc. are all published without any reference or indication of the natural order of their production in the original Bengali.

But we are upon a position of vantage compared with foreign students of Tagore in as much as we have inherited the same culture and civilisation as the poet. The very sympathetic Mr Rhys has taken great pains to gather all essential details so that he may give his readers an accurate picture of the Hindu India of which Tagore is a product and in which he lives and moves and has his being. This Hindu India is a strange land to him, but we have inherited the same culture as the poet and hence can easily realise how the poet's grandmother yearned for a few drops of the Holy Ganges water in her last moments. "Fancy an Englishman longing for a few drops of the Thames water in his last moments" says Mr. Rhys. It is so puzzling to him. Not so to us who are familiar "with ever so many instances of our old folk longing to come back to their villages and die by the banks of the sacred Cauvery even though their sons have palatial residences at Mylapore. Whatever foreigners may say about India being a huge continent and its population consisting of innumerable castes and creeds, so far as at least the Hindu India is concerned, there is an underlying cultural unity which enables us to understand the working of a master mind like Tagore" more intimately than a foreigner can.

Another general point to note is that truths, even the old old truths have to be restated from time to time to suit

the changing requirements of the times. Tagore himself says that most of what he writes is what he learned from the Upanishads and from the Teachings of Buddha, but the truths have been verified by his own experience and thus they have acquired an additional significance. In the Gita Lord Krishna says about a truth that it was an old one, that it was handed down from generation to generation and at last got lost and that it was the same old truth he was teaching to Arjuna. Let us remember this.

The first lessons I have learned from Tagore is that this world of ours with its rich vareity of colours, sounds and forms is not a mere figment or an illusion but a reality. It is the manifestation of God and is in fact a portion of God. This world is not only real but it is beautiful. Numerous are the passages where the beauty of the world is dwelt upon. The universe is as the Upanishads proclaim created in joy and is being sustained by joy. Then the question arises as to how to account for the various imperfections we see in the world. The answer to this will take us to a lengthy discourse upon the origin of Evil which I do not like to enter into, now. To me Tagore's answer is satisfactory enough. Imperfections exist in the world so that we may perfect ourselves. They are a lever to raise ourselves with. This Gospel that this beautiful world of ours is God-created and God-sustained, this humane theism, is to me more satisfactory than certain other explanations which however logical and intellectually convincing bring about irreconcilable differences between Head and Heart. The most pathetic example of a dry intellectualist longing for the tender personal relationship with God is that of the great Madhusudana Saraswathy a doughty champion of Sree Sankara's uncompromising monism, who in his famous Adwaita Siddhi begins a very important chapter with the following verse, one of the most beautiful I have come across.

वंशीविभूषितकरान्नवनीरदाभात्
पीतांबरादरुणबिंबफलाधरोष्ठात् ।
पूर्णेन्दुसुन्दरमुखादरविन्दनेत्रात्
कृष्णात्परं कमपि तत्त्वमहं न जाने ॥

Another great lesson I have learned from the master is a capacity and a desire to enjoy beauties of Nature as they are. His numerous works are full of instances of soul entrancing descriptions of some aspect of nature, the starry firmament above, a glorious sunset, a vast sheet of still water. Tagore is certainly not the first Indian poet to describe these beauties of nature; but I believe he is the first in our land to appreciate them for their own sake. Most of our poets have fine descriptions of nature but to them she is but a background for man to play his part. To Kalidasa Spring is the trusted comrade of love and so to all other poets. The varying seasons in the year afford opportunities to youthful lovers to enjoy each other's company in a variety of ways. Nor is this the characteristic of our poets only. Even in English Literature we have very little of genuine appreciations of Nature for its own sake until we come to Wordsworth who teaches us that

"One impulse from vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of Good,
Than all the sages can.

A third lesson I have learned and which I would urge upon all of you here is that the true purpose of life is action. Only a few of our great men interpret this message for us from the Gita. Certain scholars hold that the gist of that great book is that Moksha or salvation is obtained neither by Karma (action) nor even by Gnana (True knowledge) combined with action, but by Gnana only pure and simple My own humble study of the great scripture has convinced me that it is a trumpet call to a strenuous

life of action and that its true purport is not to send us all away to unruffled metaphysical contemplation. In a famous passage in Sadhana, the poet puts this idea in his own inimitable way that the true purpose of life is action. "This is our prayer to Thee. Let us once for all dislodge from our minds the feeble fancy that would make out thy joy to be a thing apart from action, formless, thin, and unsustained"

Another valuable thing I have learned from Tagore is an intense love of our Motherland Numberless passages scattered throughout his work express this passionate devotion to this sacred land of ours. We know how the great Bhaktas of our country, the Alwars and Nayanars, have made this prayer to God "Oh may I be born again and again as Thy servant, O Lord" That is Tagore's attitude towards India. He loves her with all her poverty, squalour and ignorance and passionately longs to be born again and again in this Bharathavarsha. You probably know that he has come down from his position to hug us all to his loving bosom. Born an aristocrat like his great compeer of England, he like Shelley is content to take his stand by the side of the humblest peasant of the land and does not care to enjoy any privileges denied to the latter. We have heard of the wonderful devotion of Gandhari who blind-folded herself because her lord and husband, king Dhritharashtra, was blind. Such is his attachment towards us, his humble brothers. It is well-known, how while he was touring in U. S. A. he refused the invitation of Canada and did not care to cross the St. Laurence and go to the otherside because the Canadian Government are not treating us, Indians, justly. It is also equally well known how during the dark days of the Punjab tragedy he stood by the side of his brother Indians who had to crawl on their belly and returned his knighthood.

But at the same time we would do well to note that his patriotism is not a narrow one. He looks upon

patriotism only as a step for the higher ideal of cosmopolitanism. His idea of a world federation is not that of the politician. It is based upon the fundamental oneness of humanity but allowing full scope for the development of strong individuality for each nation. His is an intense patriotism which does not however blind him to the defects of his country or countrymen. He is not one of those who would extol everything that is old. Like Kalidasa of old he believes that

पुराणमित्येव न साधुसर्वं and that

सन्तः परीक्ष्यान्यतरत् भजन्ते , मूढ परः प्रत्ययनेयबुद्धिः।

Another very important truth I learned from him is to love and revere Lord Buddha. I am one of those who believe that the worst sin we have committed collectively is not the treatment of the so called depressed classes, but it is the utter neglect into which we have thrown this great Avatar. Lord Buddha is easily the greatest son of our Mother India and it is very unfortunate that we have practically neglected Him. He is to be remembered and worshipped, if for nothing else, at least for the practical turn he gave to religion in this country. Before his time religion was mostly an individual's private concern and consisted in his seeking his own salvation, by penance, it may be, or by sacrifices or by any other means. This view of religion had very little to do with man's practical conduct in life, his attitude towards other members of society. No doubt these men of religion were all good men but they did not feel called upon to interest themselves in the welfare of others. Matthew Arnold says that conduct is three-fourths of religion. I am of opinion it is practically the whole of it. It was Lord Buddha that taught us that the *summum bonum* of life is to be attained not by "sacrifices", but by pure conduct. He emphasised the social or the practical aspect of religion and it is a pity that we have long neglected this great Teacher. Tagore,

like a true exponent of the humane Vaishnavite culture of Bengal, follows the footsteps of Jeyadeva and holds Lord Buddha as an Avatar. There is still another lesson I have learned from him though I must confess this is a more personal affair than others, *i.e.* to be fearless of death. You find almost all great men feel shaky when they discuss this problem and Shakespeare fights shy of this. Where he deals with it he describes the hour of death in his own inimitable way but has nothing to give to brace us to face the ordeal. Passages from Hamlet, the description of drowning in Richard III and above all that famous passage in Measure for Measure, "To die and to go we know not where", will suggest themselves to any student of Shakespeare. Not that Tagore has any original solution to the problem but he puts the old answer in a new way. When the Lord tells us in the Githa :—

जातस्य हि ध्रुवो मृत्युः ध्रुवं जन्ममृतस्य च ।
तस्मातपरिहार्यार्थे न त्वं शोचितुमर्हसि ॥

We feel as a child does who weeping for its lost toy is reproved by its stern father for making fuss about a small matter. Tagore's words to us come like the consoling words of the sympathetic mother who understands the little one's sorrow. Nothing in literature I have read except it be Blanco White's immortal sonnet that can compare with the 95th verse in Gitanjili. "The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away in the very next movement to find in the left one its consolation."

The intensely practical nature of the poet, paradoxical as it may appear, is another useful lesson we smaller frys would do well to learn from him. Lord Morley records in his remniscences, a conversation he once had with Mill about Victor Hugo. Mill expressed his dissatisfaction with the French poet in as much as he has no practical suggestion to alleviate the social evils he was decrying. Morley

says he retorted; "Poets ought not to be asked to draft bills". If our poet ever be asked to draft a bill he would at once take up the challenge. He not only denounces the nebulous enthusiasm of youngsters who vaguely feel a desire to sacrifice their lives at the altar of the motherland but tells them specifically and clearly what they are to do. Read his lectures republished as "The greater India" by an enterprising Madras firm. Again he not merely denounces the present system of education in the country as may be seen from his "centre of Indian culture"; but himself sets the example and has founded the Santiniketan which bids fair to develop into an International University.

Another important lesson is his love of simplicity. It may sound rather strange to us who have seen him travel in first class, that his life is simple. Yet it is so. I had the privilege of visiting his Asrama at Shantiniketan and you will be surprised to hear that this scion of one of the noblest families in Bengal has a small thatched shed for his own private residence. This उटज is not encumbered with unnecessary pieces of furniture. In his study, there was only a small chair and a table and a number of suspenders (உறி) for keeping ink horn, penholder etc. This simplicity is best seen in his thought and expression. Last but not least, his strong liberalism is worthy of imitation. Liberalism, says, Morley, is not so much a creed as an attitude of the mind. Tagore always keeps his mind open to new truths. He avoids falling into a rut and move in a narrow groove. He has taught us often that Life means growth and assimilation. He is young, very young in spirit, though old in years and very old in wisdom. He is a poet and poets are the children of the race who have the gift of keeping themselves perpetually young.

I would sum up all Tagore's teachings into "Live, Enjoy, Do, Learn, Teach and Die like men".

My young friends, before I close these discursive remarks I should like to impress upon you one thing.

Remember that you are all the descendants of Rishis. We are a truth-loving people. The word Satyagraha is an old word with us. We have been and still are passionate lovers of truth. I am reminded now of the episode of Sathyakarma Jabala who was not afraid of telling his Guru that he did not know nor his mother as to who his father was. We are the descendants of sages like these. The other day I was reading a history of Indian Logic and there I was surprised to read of the unswerving allegiance to Truth as he felt it by Gadadhara the great Logician. He was a firm beleiver in the the atomic origin of the Universe and when in his last moments his sorrowing friends and relations gathered around him and requested him to think of the great First Cause, he had the courage of his convictions and was bold enough to cry out पीलवः, पीलवः, Atoms, Atoms. We are of this race of sages, saints and philosophers. Whether it is Tagore or Gandhi that calls us we shall not follow either blindly. Let us follow our own dharma, our mission in life, that for which we feel we are created. Let us understand what our Swadharma is and follow it boldly. This is the call of Truth, the real message of Tagore.

THE DOOR OF NATURE—*A Sonnet.*

A breath of air, a cuckoo's note from high,
A smiling blossom breathing fragrance, cold
And stony silence, sinking Sun of gold
And crimson blue, a dark and shining eye,
Mysterious sound,—sensations which deny
All source, some unseen places seeming old
Familiar, seen but first,—Ajar the threshold
Of Eternity seems in these to lie!
When such rare things affect my mind, meseems
My body becomes lighter far than air,
I fly aloft from earthly life, and float
Away in space, where light 'midst darkness gleams
And flashes bright, beyond which soft and rare
Melodies swim in golden mist,–beyond! remote!

K. P.
Student, IV Class.

THE FAIRY'S GIFT TO ME.

How sweet and smiling was her face to see
When yesternight a fairy came to me
With beauty far from what a man can tell!
Maternal love of hers did shine so well
(Before my eyes that tears of sorrow shed)
That she with peace and saving kindness said,
" Arise, my boy, be up, be blithe and gay;
How long am I to search all night and day
For thee my ward! He that created All—
The earth shelters man in hut or hall,
The deeps that roar with waves the Earth alround,
The sky where the sun, the moon and stars are found
And He that protects all that He hath made
And taketh care of them lest they should fade

Or fall a prey to base and worthless vice
And part from Right, or check good virtue's rise,
Sent me to thee. Orders I have from Him
To help poor thee who tries in vain to swim
The ocean wide of woe without His aid.
Thy folly is as of a simple maid
That rests assured to be a mother then
When scarcely she has passed her age of ten.
'A boy', He said to me with gentle ruth,
'There is on Earth who loves no one but Truth.
To him go thou my faithful Fairy Friend!
On all his fearful days on him attend.
Inside his heart of hearts there shines a gem,
So free from dirt that none will dare condemn
Its rare and lasting radiant rays of light
No doubt its worth is far from mental sight.
This fair and fragrant flower that ne'er shall fade
Take thou to him which he will ne'er evade.'
Rise up, therefore, my boy; with cheerful face
Come quick and take this symbol of His grace.
The greatness of this gift I can't define
Because it comes from Him the lord divine."
And then, the fairy kindly telling me
"Undoubtedly I will attend on thee
On all thy gloomy, dark and direful days
And take thee too with care to brighter ways;
Now fare thee well! my boy" away she went
And left to me the blossom which I meant—
And even now I think in truth to be
The cause of great eternal bliss to me.

BY

D. KALAHASTI,
Student, II Class.

A SLEEPLESS SHAKESPEARE.

Speculation about Shakespeare will never come to an end. The wonder is that his tomb is yet inviolate. I can easily imagine a curious fanatic disturb his dust in the hope of literally unearthing some secret. The latest theory touches his identity. The Baconian notion is no longer new; a scholar has recently sought to prove him the seventeenth earl of Oxford! Could an Elizabethan actor know the heart of an Englishman from the King to the clown? That he should have done so is not more wonderful than that a judge or an Earl should do so. Genius would not be the miracle that it is if it were accountable. That he should have known every class from within is a mystery, and out of that mystery spring two others which never cease to agitate the less balanced of his worshippers, that of his identity, and his personality. Even for the latter it is useless to search in his work. The universality of his sympathies forbids us to discover its outlines. Yet now and again most of his readers imagine that they have discovered some idiosyncracy or other which brings them a little nearer to their literary divinity.

I have often wondered whether this supremely great poet suffered from sleeplessness! The volume of his thoughts must have been so enormous, and it is the thinkers who lie awake No great writer has made so much of sleep, has so exalted its solace, and so perfectly comprehended the torture of its withholding. He is constantly alluding to sleep in its relation to death, to care, to guilt, and to ecstasy. He declares the power to sleep to be the joy of the simple and the envy of the responsible. He dwells upon the fact that when youth is past, sleep is less pleasant and less long, and he counts this among the tragedies of age. Dreams fill a larger part in his picture of life than in the pictures that we paint now or than in those which other men painted in his own day. We do not talk

very much about sleep now. We fear to worry each other with our complaints of its absence, our pleasure in it, our wonder at the fancies which it brings. We are not able to give adequate expression to what we feel about sleep, but Shakespeare could.

In all his plays we find an exhaustive knowledge of what Lady Macbeth calls "slumbery agitation" and the "fierce vexation of a dream." It is at night that his murderers feel their punishment to be greater than they can bear, and envy those whom their malice has sent to eternal rest.

"They eat in fear and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly; better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace."

Apart from such a terrible emotion, the longing for sleep, the envy of sleep, the slight sense of grudging which bad sleepers feel towards those who are enjoying it while they cannot, Shakespeare perhaps felt in his own person.

Henry V remembers the thrice gorgeous ceremony of a king, and despises it because he cannot

"sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
Who with a body filled and vacant mind
Gets him to rest crammed with distressful bread;
Never sees horried night, the child of Hell.
But like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eyes of Phœbus and all night
Sleeps in Elysium."

In a similar passage a King rebels against his inablity to rest.

"Cans't thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king?"

Shakespeare was no stranger to appliances:—

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday."

It is not only envy which the sleepless man feels for the one who sleeps at will. It is envy touched with contempt. It is the "youth with unstuffed brain" who snores contentedly. The self-centredness which comes of weary wakefulness does not escape Shakespeare even when it is love which forbids repose. It is love and the anxieties it brings which Romeo said,

"Chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of my own heart's sorrow."

Is what we call sweet sleep really unconscious even if it is dreamless? Its "golden dew" is surely too positive a delight for unconsciousness to hold. Who has not looked forward to the really good night (after anxiety or pain is over) which he knows in store for him as we look forward to our most vividly conscious pleasures? Moreover it is a fact that many people keep during their very 'best' nights a faculty for judging time. They know within a little how long they have been in Elysium. Perhaps the very soundest sleeper, the man who, wakened only by reiterated noise,

'Thus frighted swears a prayer or two
And sleeps again,'

has not this consciousness. If so, the bad sleepers have the best of it, at least in one sense. To have expereinced "the golden dew" is worth a good many hours of fuming wakefulness. "Nature's soft nurse" is kindest to those who most often cry for her. Did Shakespeare call to her again and again for aid, himself, or did he only hear with the ears of genius the voices of others? It is impossible to say. Perhaps men of supreme genius do not themselves know where experience ends and sympathy begins.

"N"

ON DEATH.

It is a mysterious world that we live in We find ourselves amidst surroundings, strange and inexplicable, whose ultimate reality we do not know. What we are, or where we come from, is itself a mystery to us and this body which we regard as belonging to ourselves, with all its ambitious pursuits, with all its hatred and jealousy, with all its love and what not, is to die one day—that day on which ourselves will forget ourselves, that day when we will lie helpless and cease to be, that day when this our body which we love so dearly will be given up to the flames. Oh! it is horrible to think of the Day of Death.

It is no wonder that it has engaged the attention of poets from the earliest times to the present day. It is no wonder too that murder has been considered to be the worst of crimes by all nations and one who faces death fearlessly to be the greatest hero.

The idea of Death deadens our spirits and we begin to doubt whether life has any purpose at all. As Keats says when speaking of the Terrors of Death we feel.

"that on the shore
Of this wide world we stand alone and think
Till love and fame to nothingness sink."

At such a thought our ambitions are curbed, the pursuits that all men follow seem to us dull and our soul droops in utter despondency.

Philosophers have tried to solve this problem but in vain and their systems however ingenious they may be, fail to satisfy us. Religion wants to console us by keeping up the vision of a new world after death. Poets too have tried to reconcile man to his lot. To Longfellow the grave-yard is 'God's acre' and

"Into its furrow we all be cast
In the sure faith we shall rise again
At the great harvest when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow like a fan the chaff and the grain"

Blanco White compares death to night and hopes that as night revealed to Adam and Eve the moon and the starry firmament, Death too may reveal to us new things and a new world. The rationalistic man is not satisfied with all

these and he cries. "Oh can we not know this mystery, Oh, are we to despair" and he meets with nothing but gloom and despair.

But the day of Death is inevitable and there is no use of feeling sorry for a thing that cannot but occur. So it be our purpose to make the best use of this life that is given us. Death is not such a dreadful monster as we seem to think it. It is death that lends a charm to life and if there were no death then this world of ours would become a dreary one to live. Death again is a great moralist. It is the idea of Death that has made man more spiritual, and it is death that has inspired the mind of man with love. Death has been rightly called a leveller who 'lays his icy hands on kings' and before whom

'Sceptre and crown
Must Tumble down
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade'.

and Death teaches us the flimsy and transient nature of our material pursuits and makes us more human in our sympathies.

Lastly, for me, faith is better than reason. I would rather beleive blindly in a new world after Death and live in that solace than be tossed by gloomy reasonings at last to die in despair. My highest aim will be to work for mankind as long as life lasts and I believe

"........... we men move
Under a canopy of Love
As broad as the blue sky above"

Above all I believe in the spiritual evolution of man and that man must perfect his spiritual self while in this world.

Then,

"Life! steal away, give little warning,
Chose thine own time,
Say not Good Night—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning."

'S'

Student III Class.

THE Rt. HON'BLE Mr. SRINIVASA SASTRI.

BY

A. ARAVAMUDA AIYANGAR M. A.,
Lecturer, Sri Meenakshi College, Chidambaram.

"A life in civic action warm,
A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice of Parliament,
A pillar steadfast in the storm,

Should licensed boldness gather force,
Becoming when the time has birth,
A lever to uplift the earth
And roll it in another course,"

Tennyson: *In Memoriam.*

In the distracting times through which India is now passing, there is nothing which fills the mind of the man of goodwill with more genuine alarm than the spirit of irreverence and iconcclasm that seems to have seized the minds of our citizens of the future. It is one of the amazing paradoxes of the present situation that just at the time when we are engaged in a holy struggle for the Rights of Man, we have succeeded in hounding out of our national platform all men who have, for some reason or other, declined to subscribe to the latest political gospel. As conquered Greece conquered Rome, as Prussianism has caught within its tentacles the Powers that started to destroy it, so has the spirit of intolerance and autocracy entered into our souls even while we are attempting, already with conspicuous success, to stamp it out of existence. The result is such as no lover of India can afford to contemplate with equanimity. The fountains of public activity have been poisoned almost beyond cure. The air is thick with the miasma of hatred, bigotry, suspicion and slander. The platform

has become the monopoly of a single party. The dissentient press has long ceased to count as a living force. Life has been rendered impossible for the unfortunate who, burdened with a tender conscience, cannot bring himself to bend the knee to a tyrannical public opinion. The giants of an older day have thus been cudgelled out into the limbo of enforced retirement. The sacred domian of social amenities has been desecrated. Men and matters are judged, not on their merits, but in the fierce light of party rancour. Love, Truth and Charity have practically disappeared from public life. The conditions of life in the Queen Anne epoch, so luridly described by Addison in the Spectator pale into utter insignificance, compared with the state of things in India to-day. What a sad commentary on a movement designed to destroy the Satanic in man, and evolve an elevated, spiritualised humanity!

Among the many victims of the ruling perversity is the hero of our sketch, the RIGHT HON'BLE MR. SRINIVASA SASTRI. On his devoted head has fallen more than the ordinary share of the ancient curse of greatness —persecution.

> "Never yet
> Was noble man but made ignoble talk:
> He makes no friend who never made a foe."

But half a dozen years ago, Mr. Sastri's voice might have moved against the world. He was the hero of a hundred platforms, the *beau-ideal* of young Madras. To-day he is their pet aversion. No word of opprobrium is too harsh for him. He is the latest of our Lost leaders. He is the Esau of Indian politics, the man who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. His title to represent India has been challenged. His *bona fides* have been questioned. His statesmanship has been impugned. A vitriolic writer has derisively characterised him as an adult prodigy. Another has spoken of his

eminence as the accident of an accident. Service and sacrifice being the watchwords of the Society to which he belongs, it might be impossible for the most impudent of men to say of him as has been said of an older veteran:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat."

But is there not such a thing as Vanity, that last infirmity of noble minds? To dine with Governors and Viceroys, to have audience of His Majesty the King Emperor, to hobnob with statesmen of International repute, to be acclaimed in foreign lands as the foremost Indian of modern times, does this not constitute a sufficient *quid quid pro quo* for turning a traitor to the national cause? Seldom has such a record of popular disfavour been excelled. The consolation is that such has been the doom of the prophet everywhere. No honour to him in his country and in his generation. Trial and tribulation are the means whereby Heaven chastens its beloved. But there is a practical side to the matter. Kind words butter no parsnips, but hard words sometimes break the heart. Under a systematic campaign of calumny the stoutest heart must sink. The venomed pen and the tongue of malice hasten the tomb. Four years ago, Mr. Sastri raised his warning finger against the tendency, then but incipient, to malign public workers of a detested persuasion. In a letter to Mrs. Beasant on the 29th May, 1918, acknowledging her words of noble appreciation of his life and work, Mr. Sastri wrote:—

You know public life as no other does, its many dangers, its few rewards; you are therefore best fitted to teach the young that they wrong the country, unconsciously of course, in seeking to drive out of her service all workers who are not made of tough fibre. Mr. Gokhale to the end writhed under unjust attacks; but like the child whom an angry mother puts away, returned again and again to her lap. I have learned the lesson. At least I hope so. But I can imagine others similarly situated who may retire to their tents like Coriolanus. One in particular is now often on people's lips, a man of great parts but devoid of discipline or reverence, who began by sulking under popular displeasure, but has now

openly joined the foe. Only, Coriolanus, honest even in his defection, talked of punishing Rome; the man in my mind has the hardihood to claim that his is the genuine patriotism.

It is our great good fortune that in the face of a veritable tornado of detraction, Mr. Sastri has never lost heart, never despaired of his countrymen, never deviated a hair's breadth from the clear line of duty and service. In praise and dispraise he has been the same, the marvel of his friends and the despair of his foes. Thank God for Srinivasa Sastri.

Mr. Sastri was born of humble parentage in Valangiman, a village six miles south of Kumbakonam, on the 22nd September, 1869. In him we have a living contradiction of the notion that chill penury represses the noble rage and freezes the genial current of the soul. Greatness, like Murder, will out. Like Truth, the more it is shook it shines. Poverty was no bar to young Srinivasan's education. The boy showed a remarkable aptitude for English studies, and matriculated from the Native High School, Kumbakonam with a first class in the year 1883, i. e. before his fifteenth year. He next joined the Government College, Kumbakonam, for long known as the Cambridge of Southern India. That College may well be proud of its honour-roll of old scholars Sir. A. Seshayya Sastri, Sir. P. S. Sivaswami Aiyar, V. P. Madhava Rao, Sir. T. Sadasiva Aiyar, Hon. Mr. K. Sreenivasa Aiyangar, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Sastri—what a brilliant galaxy of names! Mr. Sastri was the recipient of a scholarship which left him a balance of Rs. 3 after the payment of his College fees. He passed his F. A. first in the Presidency in 1885, and his B. A. in 1888, standing first in the Presidency in Sanskrit and with a first class in English, besides winning a prize of about Rs. 350 and a gold medal for proficiency in English.

It was said of Carlyle that his *French Revolution* brought him dyspepsia. So have some critics, with

disregard of truth, sought to make out that the Imperial Conference made Mr. Sastri great. Like Byron, they would have it, Mr. Sastri woke up one morning and found himself famous. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Of no one than of Mr. Sastri could it be said with greater truth that the child was father to the man. A brilliant academical record is by no means invariably a prelude to a distinguished public career, but in Mr. Sastri's case the rule would seem for once to have been broken. His career from the first is a unique record of brilliance. Endowed with a face beaming with intelligence, looking incredibly young even for his years, the prize boy of the class, he profoundly impressed all those with whom he had anything to do, and was the favourite of his masters, in particular of Sadhu Seshayya and Bilderbeck. Unlike most Indian students, Mr. Sastri was never a bookworm. He was never known to burn the midnight oil. An excellent athlete, he topped his fellows in native games like 'Bali'. 'Panni' &c., excelled in swimming and jumping and would practise 'Dandals' for hours on end. In Tennis he was a regular crack player and played some tournaments at a later period.

The teaching profession is popularly regarded as the Mecca of mediocrities, but the charge cannot with any justice be levelled at it, when it can count among its members such men as Srinivasa Sastri. *Justice*, the Non-Brahmin oracle has tried to hold up Mr. Sastri to scorn as the 'Right Hon'ble Ex-Schoolmaster'. The philistinism underlying the sarcasm is apparent. Might not one retort, with acknowledgements to the *Indian Social Reformer*, that schoolmastering is not after all much less dignified than leather-tanning? If it is true that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, shall not the voice that moulds the younger generation claim a share in the shaping of the Constitution? Carlyle once said that whom the Gods wished to make miserable

they first made schoolmasters. What original sin have schoolmasters been born with, that oblivion should be the badge of their tribe? If the race could produce a statesman-idealist like President Wilson, a minister of state like Vice-Chancellor Fisher, a politician of the stamp of Gokhale, and a gubernatorial possibility—to use an Americanism—like Srinivasa Sastri, who is he that would brand it with the stigma of perpetual inferiority.

Mr. Sastri served as a teacher in the Municipal High School, Mayavaram, the Municipal College, Salem, Pachayappa's High School, Madras, and finally became the Head-master of the Hindu High School, Triplicane, in August 1899. As a teacher he was loved, even doted on by his boys. The secret of his popularity was the freedom with which he mixed with the boys and made them feel that in their master they had a friend and not a bugbear. The spectacle was so novel that we are told that the Mayavaram public was a trifle alarmed by the heterdoxy of the young pedagogue. The boys were none the worse for the mild yoke they were privileged to bear. Mr. Sastri's classes were eagerly looked forward to, and they were a real delight, being models of lucid presentation. At a time when the dictation of notes and 'cram' were the order of the day, Mr. Sastri would ask his boys to discard all books and listen. To this day his old pupils speak in terms of high eulogy of his ways and methods.

It was during his Head-mastership of the Triplicane School that the spell of Gokhale's life and personality was felt by Mr. Sastri. It was inevitable that two such kindred natures should be brought so close together. The worship of Gokhale was with Sastri a burning passion. To belong to his inner circle seemed to him a glory and a benediction. In the year 1906 he wrote for Mr. Natesan's "Biographies of Eminent Indians" a sketch of Mr. Gokhale's life and work. The sympathetic

imagination, insight and reverence which were discernible in every line of the monograph made so deep an impression on Gokhale that he immediately conceived a high regard for Sastri. When towards the close of the year, Mr. Gokhale came to Madras and made a passionate appeal for workers, the choice of Mr. Sastri was made. It was a fateful decision, an act of colossal self-sacrifice. Attempts have been made to minimise the magnitude of the sacrifice. It has been categorically asserted that the late Mr. V. Krishnaswami Iyer influenced the decision by indemnifying Mr. Sastri against all possible risks. The statement, we he have it on the highest authority, is a frigid and calculated lie. It is one of those legends that gain credence by 'damnable iteration'. If the truth were to be told, it would rather seem that whatever persuasion there was in the matter was entirely in the obstructionist direction. It has again been hinted that in crossing the Rubicon Mr. Sastri had his eye on the expected spoils of renunciation. No exercise of ingenuity could be more preposterous. Let a political opponent (The *Janmabhumi*) answer the libel:—

> We have never made a secret of our admiration of Sastriar's noble self-sacrifice. He surrendered the good things of the world in days when sacrifice was unknown, and certainly when it was not fashionable. That his life of self abnegation led to political fame is an accident. It was not a calculated result much less was it aimed at or desired. Seldom are we justified in judging past events by future results. We know how Sastriar fared in his life of self-imposed poverty. There were days when every rupee that he could beg for his society cost him a drop of blood from his veins. That was the price he paid in times that are happily gone—no more to return.

In January 1907, Mr. Sastri was appointed a member of the Servants of India Society. It is a proof of Gokhale's confidence in him that in his case he relaxed, so far as Educational matters were concerned, the interdict on speech and writing that is enforced on every member of the society for five years. In 1910, he was elected a Fellow of the Madras University by the Registered

Graduates and continued as such till 1920 when political machinations drove him out of a field of activity ever dear to his heart. In January 1913, he was nominated to the Madras Legislative Council—an event which was hailed with satisfaction throughout the Presidency. While on the Council, Mr. Sastri regarded himself as the chosen representative of Education. The leonine Sir. P. Rajagopalachari, a militant debater if ever there was any, has confessed that it was with no small trepidation that he used to cross swords with Mr. Sastri in his field It was during this period that Mr. Sastri tried to obtain legal sanction for marriage after puberty, and introduce a conscience clause in the Educational Code. If public opinion on these subjects has still failed to assert itself, the fault is certainly not Mr. Sastri's

On the death of Mr. Gokhale in February 1915 amidst the tears of his countrymen, Mr. Sastri was unanimously elected president of the Servants of India Society. It is characteristic of the man that though twice he has been offered the Life-presidentship, he has declined to accept the honour. The cynic would no doubt discover in the episode a family resemblance to Caesar's gesture in thrice declining the crown, bnt to those whose vision is not blinded by malice, is there not something elevating and inspiring in this picture of modesty, as rare as it is beautiful?

The last few years of Mr. Sastri's life have been crowded with such a thick succession of events that it is impossible, with the space at our disposol, to give more than the barest outline of them. In July 1916 he was returned to the Imperial Legislative Council by the Madras Legislature. How well he has represented the Country's interests in that august assembly is a matter of common knowledge. He signed the now famous Memorandum of the Nineteen, exposed with crushing effect the iniquities of the service monopoly, and protested vehemently against repression of every kind. His historic speech on the Rowlatt

Bill, which has been voted the most powerful speech ever made in the Council Chamber, was so thrilling in its effect that at its conclusion even officials were compelled to clap their hands in unwilling approbation. If it did not achieve the miracle of turning votes, it was only because of the invulnerable official majority in the Council.

As a Congressman, Mr. Sastri has lost no opportunity to plead the cause of India with all the resources of pen and tongue. During the period of Mrs. Besant's internment, he carried on a platform campaign for Home Rule literally from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin In those days his was a name to conjure with, and invitations for lectures rained upon him from every part of the country. He had not a little to do with the evolution of the Congress-League scheme and the task of popularising it in the country. Besides delivering lectures, he wrote a few pamphlets expounding the principles of the scheme and meeting the objections advanced against it. His pamphlet on *Self-Government for India under the British Flag* is unrivalled of its kind for penetrating analysis, forceful argument and statesmanlike grasp of fact. When the Mont-Ford scheme was published, Mr Sastri took up an attitude of discriminating support, waiving his opposition to diarchy in view of the element of Responsibility embodied in the scheme. Having served in the Franchise Committee appointed under the scheme in 1918, he went to England in May 1919 as a member of the Moderate Deputation. His evidence before the Joint Committee has been pronounced even by hostile critics to be a triumph of exposition. Scrupulously avoiding the limelight, Mr Sastri left no stone unturned while in England to gain the ear of British statesmen in the cause of India and secure as many improvements as possible on the scheme. On his return to India in December he found the country in no mood to accept the reforms. The hold of the Moderates on the Congress had been weakening for some years, but though most of the older Congressmen had

withdrawn from it Mr. Sastri remained loyal to it until Amritsar rendered it impossible for him to retain his place in it. It was a cruel wrench, and to Mr. Sastri it was nothing short of a tragedy. But the choice was between withdrawal on the one hand and forswearing the principles of a life-time on the other. A lesser man would perhaps have avoided unpopularity by trimming his sails to the prevailing breeze. Not so Mr. Sastri. Deeply as he loved the congress, he loved honour more.

Of the Council of State to which he was elected in 1920, Mr. Sastri is the acknowledged leader. Work in England and elsewhere of immensely greater importance has called him away from its deliberations, but Mr. Sastri's tenure of membership has been already more than justified in the repeal, on his initiative, of most of the laws substituting executive action for judicial inquiry. In June 1921 he went to England as a repesentative of India at the Imperial Conference. Attempts are being made to explain away the Resolution on equal rights for Indians in the Empire passed by the conference through his efforts, but we have no hesitation in predicting that they are foredoomed to failure. In recognition of his meritorious services, the citizens of London conferred upon him the Freedom of their city, and His Majesty the King has been pleased to appoint him a member of the Privy Council, a distinction conferred among others upon distinguished foreign ambassadors and statesmen who have never accepted office. In September 1921, he was appointed to represent India at the session of the League of Nations in Geneva, and at the beginning of this year, at the Disarmament Conference in Washington. Who could have dreamed of such a rich harvest of glory for an Indian half a dozen years ago?

The impression that Mr. Sastri has made at these Conferences is happily outside the region of mere speculation. At the Guildhall Banquet, "when Mr. Sastri's turn

came, the whole assembly, led by the Speaker of the House of Commons, rose and gave him a magnificent welcome". At the League of Nations, Mr Sastri's triumph was complete. The *Daily News* characterised Mr. Sastri's speech as "the highest example of finished oratory it had listened to since it opened a week ago". The impression that he made on Washington is testified to by Mr Elmer Davis, who says :—

"A good upstanding man, this Sastri, in the opinion of those who have heard him here. Incidentally, he speaks English a shade better, if anything, than any other member of the British delegation—or the American for that matter". If there are people who see no romance in all this, who do not realise the tremendous advance that India has made in the estimation of the civilised world through the triumphs of her illustrious son, we can only exclaim "There is none so blind as he who will not see". To them as to Peter Bell

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primorse was to him
> And it was nothing more."

Mr. Sastri's faith in his countrymen is unbounded. Like Mr. Gokhale he would set no limits to their aspirations. Again and again he has declared that India is fit to-day to sustain the edifice of Self-Government. In the course of a vigorous article in the *Indian Reaiew* for August 1912, denouncing Lord Crewie's egregious despatch on India, Mr. Sastri wrote:—

The civilization of India has stood the inexorable test of time and has received in the course of its long history many elements of strength and variety. The Rajput has given it his stern chivalry; the Musulman his keen, jealous sense of honor, the Mahratta his endurance and hardiness, the Parsi his wideawake enterprise and adaptiveness, and the Brahmin his subtle and pervasive intellect. And every day now the Briton is pouring into this rich and complex life his energy, organised knowledge and vastly multiplied power and efficiency. No one who has not peeped into the Book of Fate can deny to such a people a destiny

as great and glorious as any that has been vouchsafed to man. No, Lord Crewe cannot stay the march of India any more than King Canute could still the waves of the sea.

Mr. Sastri's patriotism is deep, but it does not smack of " the schoolboy heat, the blind hysterics of the Celt ". It is " fervent, not ungovernable love ". It is emotion held in leash by reason.

Sacrifice, courage and consistency are the keynote to Mr. Sastri's career. The divorce between practice and precept which marks the career of many a public man at the present day is unknown to Mr. Sastri. That he practises what he preaches has been proved to the hilt by his bold disregard of convention in connection with the marriage of his daughter. Himself a man of unimpeachable rectitude, he has never stooped to question the motives of others, and it may be safely said of him that he has uttered not a harsh word against his opponents. Of how few could the same be said in these days of storm and strife !

Tall, well built, with penetrating eyes, and a genial look that disarms crticism, Mr. Sastri is in appearance the very picture of dignity and power. Says Josephine Ransom, that great friend of India, " Something of India's long ages of spirituality seems to emanate from the personality of the Hon. V. S. Srinvasa Sastri His very carriage with high-held head indicates an inherent sense of the right to rule and to be obeyed. Deep, slumbrous, steady eyes, reveal a mind held in control on the leash of a strong, unbending will. His gravity of demeanour is modified by a kindly, tactful, gracious manner, considerate, and ready to respond to the smallest advances, and this wins for him the sympathy of those who approach him." It is generally said that autocracy is inseparable from virile individuality. With his unfailing suavity and *bon homie*, Mr. Sastri is a standing exception to this pychological theory.

Laden with honours, proud in the consciousness of duty loyally and honestly discharged, the veteran soldier will be back home in a few weeks. How would his countrymen receive him? Would they vote him a triumph, or would they impeach him for high crimes and misdemeanours? Would they sing hallelujahs in his honour, or would they rceeive him with a chorus of malediction? Mr. Sastri is probably the most unpopular man in India at this hour, but if there is such a thing as Justice, if it is true that the whirlgig of time brings in its revenges, it can be safely predicted that ere long there will be a huge reaction in his favour. It is impossibie that such splendid sacrifice, such rare patriotism, such devoted service should ever remain unrecognised. When the tumult and din of the moment shall have ceased, and Reason, Justice and Charity have regained their place in men's hearts, no name will rank higher than that of Srinivssa Sastri. For,

"Yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feat;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

॥ श्रीः ॥

उपमा कालिदासस्य ॥

विदितमिदं विश्वेषामपि विदुषाम्, यदर्थालङ्कारनिरूपणावसरे सर्वेऽप्यालङ्कारिका उपमामेवादावाद्रियन्त इति। किमत्र स्यात्कारणम्? उपमायाः प्रकृतित्वादुपजीव्यत्वात्तन्निरूपणमेव प्रथमतः सांप्रतमित्यातिष्ठन्ते व्याख्यातारः; प्रदर्शयन्ति च बहुषु अलंकारेषु उपमाया अनुगममुदाहरणमुखेन। वयं पुनर्बहुधा श्राम्यन्तोऽपि विभावनाविरोधाभासादिषु उपमानुगममपश्यन्तः, तस्याः प्रकृतित्वं प्रायोवादेनेति जानीमः।

इदमत्र वक्तव्यमस्माकमाभाति— आस्तां नाम शास्त्रीयसंप्रदायानुसारेण अलंकाराणां काव्यशरीरभूषकत्वप्रयोजनाभ्युपगमनिर्बन्धः। एतदेव पुनरलंकारयोजनस्य परमं प्रयोजनम्- यदुत वक्तव्यस्यार्थस्य स्फुटप्रत्यायनेन श्रोतुर्मनसि दृढं संलगनम्। निर्विवादमेवेदमलंकारयोजनस्य प्रयोजनमभ्युपगम्यते हृदयालुभिर्विद्वद्भिरन्यास्वपि भाषासु।

अस्य च फलस्य स्वप्रयोगेण सुविशद निर्वाहको नूनमुपमालंकार एवेति ननु जानाति किंपचानमतिरपि। सोपमानमभिहितो ह्यर्थः स्फुटं परस्य मनसि संक्रामतीत्यत्र सचेतसामनुभव एव नियतमुत्तमः साक्षी। यथा चोपमायाः, तथा तदुपजीविनामन्येषामप्यलंकाराणां भवति तदिदं फलमिति न खलु दुरवगाहोऽयमर्थः। इत एव च, मन्यामहे, समागतं स्यात्सर्वतः प्राधान्यमुपमाया इति। अत एव च कविप्रथमपद्धतौ श्रीमति रामायणे भगवान्वाल्मीकिः, तदुपजीवनेन पूतं च भूषितं चात्मानमभिमन्यमानः श्रीमान्कालिदासश्च स्वकीयेषु प्रबन्धेषु भूयसा उपमां तत्कुलीनानलंकारान्, लेशेन तदितरांश्च

निपुणमामोचयति, परिशीलयन्तां श्रीकालिदासीयानि गद्यानि पद्यानि च। शते पञ्चसप्तत्यधिकानि किल वाङ्मयान्येवमुपारूढकान्तीनि प्रकाशन्ते। को हि नाम महामना अलंकारतत्त्वम् उपमावैभवं च जानानः विहायैनां रीतिमन्यामेव कांचिज्जातुचिदाद्रियेत? "**उपमा कालिदासस्य**" इति प्रसरन्ती प्रथा च इत एव जगति सर्वतः समुपारूढा।

एतदेव च सर्वात्मना संदर्शयितुं महाकविरयं, सरसरमणीये लोकोत्तरचमत्कारैकसारे रघुवंशकाव्ये प्रथमपद्ये प्रथमत एव "**वागर्थाविव**" इति उपमाशिरस्कमात्मनः साहित्यशिल्पमनल्पमाविश्चक्रे। शब्दे उच्चारिते अर्थः प्रतीयते विना विलम्बमिति प्रतिकलमनुभवेन जानतां शब्दार्थसंबन्धस्य नित्यत्वमजानतामपि बालानां स्वानुभवसाक्षिक एव शब्दार्थयोः परस्परमतिनिबिडः संबन्ध इति, काव्यारम्भ एव साधीयसीमिमामुपमामुपनिबध्नतोऽस्य कविसार्वभौमस्य कथं वयं वर्णयितुं प्रभवेम मतिमहिमानम्। इदं खलु महाकवेरन्यविलक्षणं लक्षणम्—यत्पुनरत्र शास्त्रीयेण विचारेण शब्दार्थसंबन्धनित्यत्वमवगच्छतां पण्डितानामिव स्वानुभवेन शब्दार्थयोरतिनिबिडं कमपि संबन्धमूहमानानां मृदुलमतीनां बालानामप्याराधनाय तदुभयसाधारण्या उपमाया उपनिबन्धो नाम। वक्तव्यमन्यत्समयान्तरे वक्ष्यामः।

R. V. कृष्णमाचार्यः

THE MESSAGE OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

[The following tit-bits are taken from the class-lectures of Mr. S Venkatacharya and published with his permission. They are to be viewed as nothing more than illustrations]

I

Speaking of the effect of the Norman conquest and the temporary submergence of the English at that time, the following passage from Carlyle is apposite "England itself, in foolish quarters of England still howls and execrates lamentably over its William the conqueror and vigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets; but without them, if you consider, well, what had it ever been? A gluttonous race of Jutes, and Angles capable of no grand combinations, lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity, not dreaming of heroic toil and silence and endurance, such as leads to the high places of this universe and the golden mountain-tops where dwell the spirits of the dawn ....I have remarked that of all things, a nation needs first to be drilled and no nation that has not been first governed by so called tyrants and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law and heartily respectful of the same and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world." Similarly, there is a tendancy here in India to decry the great, everlasting good rendered to India by the strong government of the British. Indeed certain people have coined special epithets for the purpose and called it 'Satanic' and so forth. But without them if you consider well, what had it ever been? A g —— s race of Brahmins, Naidus, Pillais, Mohommedans, Christians etc, lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity, not capable of grand combinations etc, not thoroughly amenable to the rule of law, and heartily respectful of the same etc. This welding together of the diverse peoples, castes, creeds and colours inhabiting this great continent and

holding the huge mass so obtained tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces, this is the greatest achievement recorded in world's history. It is this strong government which has enabled us to talk of 'Swarajya' etc. Again look at the following saying of Stubb's in that connection. The great quality of the Anglo-Saxons in the pre-Norman days was the quality of self reliance (a turbulent self-reliance which stood in the way of grand combinations) and this quality had to be complemented by the other quality of self-reliance. (Just imagine the comparative difficulty in preserving discipline in the large English class and the small subject class) Our Bureaucracy might become in course of time an anachronism. But it had its time and it is still serving an useful purpose. And remember the vastness of the New India that is to come, and think of the time and labour needed to bring it about.

II

Again speaking of the Reformation in England at the beginning of the 16th century, of how the freeing of the mind from the old bondage to faith and superstition enabled man to bound forth at once and reconstruct society, religion, geography etc the following quotation from Macaulay pertaining to the Religious aspect might be produced "The only event of modern times which can be properly compared with the Reformation is the French Revolution ....Each of these memorable events may be described as a rising up of the human reason against a caste. The one was a struggle of the laity against the clergy for intellectual liberty; the other was a struggle of the people against the privileged orders for political liberty." The Non-Brahmin movement of South India might have some ideal behind it which is at the same time both the Reformation and the Revolution. As for those die-hards who could not even think of slightly mending the rigidities of the caste system, the following passages from Swami Vivekananda might

be pointed to them with profit. "No religion on earth preaches the dignity of humanity in such a lofty strain as Hinduism and no religion on earth treads upon the necks of the poor and the low in such a fashion as Hinduism." We agree with those who say 'what has religion to do with social reforms'? But they must also agree with us when we tell them that religion has no business to formulate social laws and insist on the difference between beings, because its aim and end is to obliterate all such fictions and monstrosities............The terrible mistake of religion, was to interfere in social matters. What we want is that religion should not be the social reformer, but we insist at the same time that religion has no right to be a social law-giver. Hands off! keep yourself within bounds and everything will come right. "Liberty is the first condition of growth. Your ancestors gave every liberty to the soul, and religion grew". "To advance oneself towards freedom mental, physical and help others to do so, is the supremest prize of man. Those social rules which stand in the way of the unfoldment of this freedom are injurious, and steps should be taken to destroy them speedily. Those institutions should be encouraged by which men advance in the path of freedom." With the question whether caste shall come or go, I have nothing to do. Preach against nobody, against no custom. Preach neither for nor against caste or any other social evil; preach to let 'Hands off' and everything will come right. In spite of all the ravings of priests, caste is simply a crystalised social institution which after doing its service is now filling the atmosphere of India with its stench, and it can be removed by giving back to the people their lost social individuality." Now in addition to these ideas from the Swami, the following suggestive remark was made. In this matter of the socia reconstruction of new India, the hope was expressed that though much depended on the assertion of social individuality, the work itself would be undertaken not in the

lawyer's spirit of a Dr. Gour's Bill but that the Religion which placed all these shackles would itself come back and serve as the lever to throw them down. It would all be done in a thoroughly Indian—like manner. Even when a political spiritualist who has read only the Bhagavad Gita wants you to cut the bottom out of your social arrangements by removing untouchability, you are prepared to cast all your cherished customs and do it. In future we will get real Mahatmas in our land who would have mastered the whole field of our religious lore and when they, in their inspired manner, want you to give up your 'Sradh' even, you would do it. Our knowledge of history enables us to be so optimistic, when there is an awakening of a nation, it will be in all departments of life. Only in these years of our inanity, we were all so wanting in great men and great achievements. Just think of the days when we had our Ramanuja, Sankara, and Chaitanya. Ramanuja was able to make Brahmins out of Non-Brahmins. So let no one take a despondent view of things. Take these as your watchwords;—patience, expectancy whilst trying to deserve, and toleration: Religion and Society have got so mixed up together by rites and ceremonies, that indeed it would be a hopeless task for the ordinary layman uninspired, to discriminate the essentials and clarify the situation. Our impact with the West has taken us from out of the East, and left us standing in the air, like Thrisangu. Only the inspired can bring us to solid ground.

Till then let there be toleration, truce on both sides. Let not the orthodox revile the heterodox as degenerate 'Mlechas' and let not the heterodox look contemptuosly at the former and treat them as old fossils who should be wished to reach heaven, their own heaven, sooner than they might be willing to reach themselves.

III

Coming to the Cromwellian period, what was the

lesson of the Protectorate? The monarch was executed but was monarchy possible to be put down? The rule of Cromwell came to be 'the rule of the saints by the sword' He was not able to control the forces which he himself had created *i e*; the levellers, independents etc. Thus the great lesson was, 'the country had outgrown despotism, but was not yet fit for democracy.' Similarly India to-day has outgrown bureaucracy, but is not yet fit for democracy. Hence we have to pass through a period—let us hope a short one—of transition. If meanwhile things are precipitated by any saint, we may find the same history repeated here also, of the saint being unable to control (by moral means) the forces which he had himself created, and of his government resolving itself, in the event of its success into a rule of the saints by the sword; and this in spite of the fact that the one is said to be the prophet of a new era of non-violence, whereas the other had pinned his faith to violence—for the result would be due not to his not being a saint but to the world not being a world of saints, and not being able to become so at such a short notice.

IV

The lesson of the Industrial Revolution in England, which took place in the middle of the 18th century and industry from the domestic to the factory stage, is again a lesson of hope. Upto the middle of the 16th century the English people were not known for any industrial or mechanical abilities. Indeed foreign accounts of them in those days, speak of them as a very sedate, spiritual people, who thought that it was refinement not to do dirty manual labour, who were in short, like the Brahmins sitting on the pial reading Ramayanam (or doing the other Ramayanam) viz, cards-play. (Refer to Fortesque quoted by Cunningham in his growth of English Industry and Commerce p. 217; also the Paston letters of the Tudor period, Gairdner's Vol III, Intr. p 53.) In those days the

Venetians were famous for shipping and banking, the Flemmings for woollen industry, the Huguenots for silk, paper, hat etc, the Duch for Engineering. If John Bull in those days wanted to construct an aqueduct he had to call the help of a Dutch But in the course of the 17th century England came to concentrate in herself the best essence of all the industrial skill of the continent. England was the only country which enjoyed internal peace all these years On the continent ever since the Reformation every country was torn with civil wår and all the peaceful industrial elements of these countries left their native lands one after the other, and flocked to England; thus the Flemmings in the time of Elizabeth following the Duke of Alva's persecutions; the Huguenots and the Dutch in James II's following the persecution of Louis XIV. When these newcomers began the practice of their highly skilled handicrafts in their new land, John Bull became eager to learn their ways and prosper, and his government was prevailed upon to compel these comers to take enough 'native sons of the soil' as their apprentices and teach them their business.

This period of the 17th century devolopment of manual (not machine) skill is called by Seeley the 'Norwich' period of English Industrial history. Now our great, original discovery about the growth of English Industries has been this. The Industrial Revolution began in England and not in any other country, for the reason that she represented at that time the concentrated esssence of manual skill in the whole of Europe then It is practice that makes perfect and helps you to think of new motive powers, new mechanisms etc.

In India when stagnation set in, the stagnation was all round and we did not keep abreast of the times in the practice of our industries. In this respect our social organisation had placed a great obstacle in the way of competitive improvements. The brain and the hand had long been non-co-operating. The people with brains

generated the feeling that manual labour was undignified. But here again there is awakening now. It is especially here that one, particularly a Brahmin, is likely to feel more despondent about the future But there again the lesson of England is our finger-post. Especially when we realise where we are in this conquest of matter and look around at even small mechanisms like a Railway Bridge with trallis work on side or the wheels of a sugar refinery making whiz! whiz! whir! whir! and look beneath our feet, at where we stand we are tempted to weep • But there is no need to be despondent. We have only to take to it, be at it, in it, and all of it-and we can be sure not only to catch those who have gone ahead of us, but beat them outright. There is no country which can be so self-sufficient as ours, both in agriculture and in manufacture There is no country which will be able to stand our competition, if our present cheap labour should also become skilled. And this skill comes at our will. If you are a harmonium player, a regular one at it, you inevitably become a mechanic in it; and if one or two reeds won't speak you will know how to make them speak. Again if you own a motor car and don't consider it beneath your dignity to drive yourself, you soon become an expert mechanic. Only you should awake from your lethargy; have belief in yourselves, 'be de-hypnotised' as Swami Vivekananda might have said.

V

Coming to the period of the Seven year's War when England obtained the assurance of worldly power from where she has since been becoming greater and greater Britian, the services of the great Pitt might well bear this illustration. He was great not as a peace minister but as a war minister. And here his service to the nation was not so much in his war strategy, as in his rousing England from the great inertia into which she had sunk since the days of Walpole and inspiring her with a belief in her high destinies.

At the commencement of the war, under its wooden Newcastle ministry, reverses were falling thick on the country. In the course of 1756, news came of the capture of Fort Oswego in America, the Black-hole of Calcutta, and the capitulation of the Duke of Cumberland early next year. 'A despondency without parallel in our history took possession of our coolest statesmen, and even the impassive Chesterfield cried in despair", 'we are no longer a nation' A book called "Estimate" was published by one Brown and it was universally read admired and believed. The author fully convinced his readers that they were a race of cowards and scoundrels; that nothing could save them; that they were on the point of being enslaved by their enemies and that they richly deserved their fate." This miserable situation only called to the front the genius of William Pitt. "He loved England as an Athenian loved the city of the Violet Crown—as a Roman loved the 'maximarerum Roma.' He saw his country insulted and defeated. He saw the national spirit sinking. Yet he was sure that he could save the country and that nobody else could "I want to call England out of that enervate state in which twenty-thousand men from France can shake her" He believed in her power, her glory, her public virtue, till England learnt to believe in herself. "Be one people", he cried, to the factions who rose to bring about his fall; "forget everything but the public! I set you the example"

Similarly if you look to the first man of new India, the morning star of it, Swami Vivekananda, you will find his message to be the same; for his mission also was one of rousing India from that enervate state into which she had sunk for some generations. "Faith, faith, faith in ourselves, faith in God, this is the secret of greatness. If you have faith in all the 300 millions of your mythological Gods (முப்பத்தி முக்கோடி தேவதைகள்) and in all the gods which foreigners have now and again sent into your midst, and

still have no faith in yourselves, there is no salvation for you...........Arise, awake; awake from this hypnotism of weakness. None is really weak; the soul is infinite; omnipotent, omniscient. Stand up, assert yourself, proclaim the God within you, do not deny. Too much of inactivity, too much of weakness; too much of Hypnotism, had been and is on our race. O ye modern Hindus, de-hypnotise yourselves. Power will come, glory will come and everything that is excellent will come when this sleeping soul is roused to self-conscious activity."

Again, "You vanish into the inane, and let the new India emerge. Let it emerge from the plough; from the cottage of the cultivator; from the basket of the fisherman, the cobbler, and the sweeper Let it emerge from the bush, the jungle, the hill and the mountain. The thousand years of (social) tyranny which they have silently endured have given them unrivalled patience. They have endured eternal sorrow and have gained a steady vitality in the process; with a handful of barley they can upturn the whole world, with half a loaf the universe will not suffice to hold their vigour. They have wonderful vitality— death cannot thin their numbers They have also inherited a marvellous good breeding unknown anywhere else. So peaceful, so loving, so affectionate, such uncomplaining industry, and the lion's strength in action! Ye skeletons of the past, here in front is your successor, the India of the future".

Let me conclude these tit-bits for the moment by emphasising the necessity for optimism even in the midst of the dark nature of the times we are witnessing and give once more the watchwords—Patience, expectancy, while trying to deserve, and toleration towards those who differ from us in their method of advancing the common good.

K. R. R.

II Class.

(*To be continued.*)

THE TAMIL LAND.

The boundaries of the Tamil land as given by the classics are "வடவேங்கடந் தென்குமரி
ஆயிடைத் தமிழ் கூறு நல்லுலகம்"
(பனம்பாரனார்)

வேங்கடங் குமரி தீம்புனற் பௌவமென்,
றிந்நான்கெல்லை தமிழது வழக்கே." (சிகண்டியார்)

i. e. Vengadam (Tirupathi) Hills in the north, Kumari in the south, and the ocean in the east and west. The land within these limits was ruled by Cheras, Cholas, Pandyas and some petty chieftains (Velirs) I have shown above (Vol. V No. 3) that Vanji, the capital of the Cheras, was situated in the Travancore state and there is no doubt about the capitals of the Cholas; Uraiyur (near Trichy) was the inland capital, and Kaverippumpattinam was the naval capital. The capital of the Pandyas was Madura. Studies have been made by scholars about the Cholas and the Cheras and the petty chieftains, that lived in the time of the third Tamil Acadamy. But none has till now ventured to compile a connected history of the Pandyas.

The authorities such as the commentaries of Iraiyanar Ahapporul (இறையனார் அகப்பொருள் உரை) and Silappathikaram say that the Pandya land was once very large and that most part of it had been swallowed by the ocean. First the capital was at the Southern Madura, then at Kavadapuram and lastly at the Northern (Modern) Madura. At all these places the Pandya Princes held Tamil Sangams and they came to be called respectively as the first, the second and the third acadamies. Again they say, that the land that had been submerged extended over 700 Kathams and contained 49 countries Let us see how far they are true.

The scholars that believe in these mythical stories call the modern Madura as the Northern Madura. But,

Sattanar and others call this as *Dakkana Madurai*, (தக்கண மதுரை), *Tenramilmadurai* (தென்றமிழ் மதுரை), and also as *Mathuraimuthur* (மதுரைமூதூர்), and *Palaviranmuthur* (பழவிறன்மூதூர்) etc. Thus we see that it was the only old Madura they knew in South India.

Again Mr. Kanakasabai Pillay in his "*Tamils 1800 years ago*" says that we have 514 persons whose poems are found in Sangam Literature and none mention about the 49 lands or Kapadapuram or Madura that went into the sea.

Lastly all these poets praised the hills, the rivers the cities and the kings of the Tamil land. They included even the small rivers, hillocks, villages and petty chieftains. But we do not find even a single name of a city, or a river or a mountain or a king that was in that submerged land. Some may object to this that the river *Pahruli* praised in honour of a king, existed in that submerged land with the authority of Silappadikaram.

"வடிவேலெறிந்த வான்பகை பொறாது
பஃறுளியாற்றுடன் பன்மலையடுக்கத்துக்
குமரிக்கோடுங் கொடுங்கடல் கொள்ள"

There it is said that Pahruli had been washed by the sea along with Kumarikkodu. But what is Kumarikkodu?

The old scholars like Adiyarkunallar (அடியார்க்குநல்லார்) and Ilampurana Adigal (இளம்பூரண அடிகள்) thought it as a river which forms the southern boundary of the Tamil land. And Arasan Shanmuganar (அரசஞ் சண்முகனார்) thinks it was a hill [It has been shown that his theory that 'since, the northern boundary is mountain the south also should have a hill', is not necessary and not always true and his argument that a river could not be a boundary has been met in Sen Tamil Vol. XIV No. 12]. But they all agree that there was land beyond that. Then only the theory will hold good. If Tamil is the language only upto Kumari, there should have been a new language in the land that lay south of it. Ilampurana Adigal also thought

likewise. But is it possible? and if so what is the language?

It has been accepted that Tamil is the original language of South India and no language has superseded it till now. The Aryans entered North India before the beginnings of History and occupied the land gradually till the Krishna. But we do not have any such people on the southern side. Again in the north we have as

"வல் வேங்காட்டி னன்னாட்டும்பர்
மொழிபெயர் தேஎத்த ராயினும்" etc.,

about the land of another tongue and the place from which it begins. But we have not even a single instance to prove that a new language existed in the South. It is also not possible to suppose that an offspring of Tamil existed there, as Malayalam, Kannada etc rose into existence only afterwards. Then all the people in the South of the Vengadam Hills spoke Tamil. If so, the southern limit should be a place where there is no habitation (as they would have spoken only Tamil if any lived there) A river, a hill or a city will not serve that purpose. If at all anything in the world proves the case it should be ocean. The *Nigandus* also give the meaning, the water bank to *Kodu* and we have also may instances where it is used as a water bank as in

"கொழும்புனற்காவிரி
வடபெருங் கோட்டு மலர்ப்பொழி னுழைந்து" etc.

Then why did the classics specify that place instead of classifying it generally as in the east and west?

A small knowledge of geograpy will do for the purpose. The southern part of India is like a triangle of which Kumari is the vertex. It connects the three oceans, the east, the west and the south. It is mentioned by poets as

"பூவிரிபுனலொரு
மூன்றுடன் கூடிய கூடல்" (பதிற்று 50)

"பெருந்தெய்வத்து
வளைஞாலும் பணிப்பௌவத்துக்
குணகுடகடலோடாயிடை மணந்த" (Do 51)

It is also of great religious importance. People that bathe at Benares used to go to Kumari, as it will give the fruit of bathing in the three oceans, to complete their bathing, just as people now go to Ramesvaram. Thus it became important and the boundary of the land will be given only by a common place. Again there is no use in saying that the southernmost boundary is the ocean as it is only a point. So they mentioned it. The Greek travellers say that it was the southernmost post of India where the direction of the coast changes. And Silappadikaram also says as "நெடியோன் குன்றமும் தொடியோள் பௌவமும்". thereby showing the sea in the south All these evidences go to show that Kumarikkodu is nothing but Cape Comorin.

But what is பன்மலையடுக்கம் that is referred to with Kumari? In the southern portion of Tinnevelly District and the Travancore State, we have plenty of hills. It is there that the S. I. R. company has a tunnel for the line to Trivandram. It is known generally as Ambasamudram Hills and contains even to-day tigers. There is situated our *Banathirtham* (பாணதீர்த்தம்) famous for its tigers which will relieve the passage only on the new moon day of the month of Adi. Thus Kumari is surrounded by Hills and so it does not in any way damage our theory.

Then according to Tholkapya, Pahruli should be situated on the northern side of Kumari. To day we have a river by name *Parrali* in Nanjinad (of the Travancore State) "which passed to Cheras from the Pandyas only after the 12th cent. A.D." Some scholars are of opinion that Pahruli may be identified with *Parrali*. But what about the mythical story of its destruction? I have said before, that the destruction of a vast land is not possible. It is natural for the sea to forward or recede a little. In this way it should have caused a slight injury to the Pandya Kingdom. Again in one place Adiyarkunallar says that the Pandya king captured *Muthur Kutram* (முத்தூர்க்கூற்றம்) of the Cholas and *Kundur Kutram* (குண்டூர்க்கூற்றம்) of the Cheras for

the portion he had lost in the south. Historians know that the area of the two Kutrams would not exceed that of a present taluk. [This statement of the able commentator is contrary to his own statement elsewhere that it was 700 *Kathams*.] Now I request the reader to imagine for himself how much of land and river was wasted by that incident.

It can also be shown by taking chronologically all the evidences that speak of the destruction of land in the South, that *the area varies directly to the time when it was written*. But what is the origin of the story. Nakkirar's (?) commentary has no basis. The Silappadikaram lines speak about a mythical story, which is seen in *Halasya Mahatmiya*. There it is said that God Sundaresa gave to Ukkisa Pandya a *lance*, a *chakra*, and a *chendu* to conquer, the ocean, God Indra, and the Mountain Meru, who were against him. It will be seen from the following poem :—

"மைந்த கேட்டி யிந்திரனுங் கடலு முனக்கு வான்பகையாஞ்
சந்த மேருத் தருக்கடையுஞ் சதவேள் விக்கோன் முடிசிதற
விந்த வளைகொண் டெறிகடலி லிவ்வேல் விடுதி யிச்செண்டா
லந்த மேருதனைப் புடையென் றெடுத்துக் கொடுத்தா
னவைமூன் றும்"—(12-61)

Some tried to identify the lost land with Lemuria. But '*Lost Lemuria*' itself contains "A period between 4 and 5 million years probably represents the life of the continent of Atlantis. But in the case of Lemuria no dates can be stated even with approximate accuracy." (p 13) and also "Dismemberment of Lemuria is said to have taken place before the beginning of eocene age." (p. 8) From the above facts we see that there was no such vast land in the south as far as the history can tell us.

Then what would become of the three Tamil Sangams that existed in that wonderful land? Certainly, we have no other evidence than that of Nakkirar (?) T. A. Gopinatha Rao and M. Raghava Ayyangar have shown in their

Articles in 'Sen Tamil' that the commentary of Irayanar Ahapporul was not written before eigth century and so, not by the famous Nakkirar. The following is the Table of the Three Sangams.

No. of Sangam.	The places where they were held.	No of Kings that supported the Sangams.	No. of years through which the Sangam existed.	No. of poets who were members of the Sangam.	No. of poets who composed poems under their auspices.	No. of kings who were authors.
1st	Southern Madura	89	4440	549	4449	7
2nd	Kavadapuram	59	3700	59	3700	5
3rd	Northern Madura	49	1850	49	449	3

One of the Kings that protected the first acadamy is said to have reigned for 24000 years by Nachinarkiniyar (நச்சினார்க்கினியார்.) How many Sangams might have come into existence within his reign? The famous Purana of Madura speaks about a Tamil Sangam, with Nakkirar and his 48 followers, who are incarnation of 49 alphabetical letters of Sanskrit. But they speak of only one and we see that it is the so called last acadamy.

Again, according to Tholkapya, the word Sangam was not in use then or earlier for

"சகரக் கிளவியு மவற்றோ ரற்றே
அ ஐ ஔவெனு மூன் றலங்கடையே."

But it came into use only later on, since

"கடிசொல்லில்லைக் காலத்துப்படினே."

Then the above theories have no foundation. The name Kavadapuram, the seat of the second (?) Sangam has been taking from the verse of Ramayana which describes the Pandya land

ततो हेममयं दिव्यं मुक्तामणिविभूषितम् ।
युक्तं कवाटं पाण्ड्यानां गता द्रक्ष्यथ वानराः ॥

But the commentators in Sanskrit explain it as the Gateway and not as town (see Govindarajiyam and Tilakam) Thus all these false notions were brought into light by 8th century A C. by a man with the name of Nakkirar (?) All scholars mistook this for the celebrated one and followed him, as they had no proofs to the contrary Then it spread just like the story of '*Vomiting three black crows*' and I really wonder the capacity of the man with which he wove an almost inextricable tangle.

Thus Kumari of the ancient writers is only the cape Commorin of present allowing a distance of ten miles this way or that way for the receding or otherwise of the ocean and there was no land beyond that in the south as was alleged. *In conclusion, the Tamil land remained in tact and suffered no conceptionable change all these twenty-five centuries.*

N. SUBRAMANIAN,
Student, II Class.

THE LAMENT OF A LAPUTAN

They were talking. The sound gradually brought me to consciousness and when I opened my eyes a strange sight met me. My spectacles hung in a lump on the ground, in empty rims, my clothes were wet and I was stretched to my full length. Besides, I felt my stomach inflated to bursting point with a sensation of something floating inside its watery contents. But I sat up. Slowly the awful truth dawned on me. I was shipwrecked, and felt that I should have been washed away here or providentially picked up after how many days I did not know. The people surrounding me all swung back and sat down when I stood up. Hunger was gaining on me with extraordinary

proportions "Gentlemen and very kind strangers," I began, "I am a scientist of Laputa pray extend to an unfortunate shipwrecked fellow-being your very benevolent hospitality". There was no reply. I was getting more famished. They sat on discussing about what they should do to me. One devout member proposed that in recognition of my miraculous escape, they were in duty bound to present their Soverign God in the City Temple, a huge Festival Medal for His Divine intervention on my hapless behalf. Another kind gentlemen rose to a point of order and stoutly opposed, with frequent accentuation of his demonstrative fists, this proposal, and concluded that however loud voiced the proposing Demosthenes might be to arouse a sense of piety, it was a matter of purely personal interest between me and their God who had saved me and in as much as that God himself had recognised my worth to have rescued me fro n death in the deep sea, it is but in the fitness of things that I should get the medal instead as a mark of their appreciation also. I confess I have never seen in all my life an assembly so parliamentary, so republican, so lively and withal so constitutional Long and late they sat discussing the pros and cons of the question as to who should get the medal, their God or I and by the time when all the oceanic aqua matter inside my stomach had vanished away into vapour by the boiling temperature of ever increasing hunger, the deliberative assembly demanded a poll. When votes were taken, it was found that their God was a defeated candidate so that the medal came to me and a meal was voted to me at last by a supplemental proposition. It appeared to me a very strange country indeed. The whole government of the land, its legislative, its executive, its statesmanship and citizenship all were run on vote and medal. In short there was no work which was not voted and no payment or reward except in the shape of a medal. How I pined away for one such medal in my own thankless country and

yet here I was, actually elevated to be worthy of a medal from people whom I never knew before and surely, I felt I was getting to be important.

Of course I took a big nice meal. If I had been a camel, I knew that I would have finished up my hump long ago and be in an itching frenzy to taste the overcoat of my poor master's child when it came my way. My hunger was such.

But no sooner did my last mouthful disappear into my abdominal granary than the worthy President of the Assembley announced in a fine style, that I would be given a medal for my very hearty eating. Did they all possess dyspepsia, I wondered.

Presently I was taken in procession into the city where the Mayor's house was, by the vote of the majority. When I saw him, tears came into my eyes, for, the memory of my football days in my own country was suddenly kindled. His head was like the football that children of five and six used to kick about, in street and ditch half punctured; while his stomache was No. 6 Football that college teams inflated in tournament days. Was I ever going to get back to my country at all?

The Mayor blandly asked me my history. I first of all complimented him on his charming personality in rounded limbs, which—I mean his personality, not his rounded limbs,—I solemnly avowed to him was sure to tell on the hearts of beautiful maidens in my country entirely in his favour. I was asked to stop. He gave me a medal for the style of my posture and pose. They had circular legs and did not stand. I began my story "I was born and bred in Laputa. I had a brilliant education which first led me to the discovery of the tangent point in the radius of the Mars' Sun and though I was the original metreologist to have observed the zero-point temperature in the Equator, I had later on devoloped an aptitude for Biology. When I was engaged in the Imperial Institute as a research

scholar carrying on invessigations on the conical dendrones on the left hump of the fountain frog, the immortal Gulliver happened to pay a visit to my acquarium. I presented him with 200 varieties of this animal species which he accepted with a 14 inch smile and however much his hunger might have arisen by this wealthy prospect I believe he was antiquarian enough to present them to his own country, and I am further convinced that this must be the case for he invited me to follow him to Europe which might benefit by my knowledge and original expositions. So I embraced the proposal of a continental tour with alacrity. We set sail in a storm which ultimately burst our ship into splinters and I knew no more. When I regained consciousness I was amongst you." He was very much moved and said I was a fine fellow. Really he was so pleased that had I my pet monkey with me now—poor thing! peace be to his watery grave!—he would have called it equally fine though it had one limb in addition to mine. The long and short of it was I was permitted to live in that municipality as even one of its dummy electorate, having the Mayor's medal.

Now just as a professor of atomic theory never invented a caster oil burner, so never was a scholar seen to manage a home. I therefore looked about for a helpmate to keep house for me. With this object I was one day standing beside a sweet gushing creature in silk, in the Temple Hall. We were getting on wonderfully. Gradually I led her to talk on domestic life and was painting to her the glowing colours and cool back-ground of a peaceful home if any pitiful and sensible girl as she, could marry me, when suddenly there burst in a fat widow in white crying that the Grand medal, the anniversary offering of the Temple trustees of the town, was going to be presented to the Deity that very morning. It was a cruel blow. I knew the girl beside me was slipping away. With a last desperate effort I remonstrated, "The freedom I will give my future wife

will be such as no Empress——". 'I was talking to the pillar. The next day I met the widow grinding corn. She confidently whispered that she had no very great objection in marrying me herself, only I had not with me even a dozen medals. What she, with her cropped head, had to do with these manly ornaments long remained to me a problem.

However I got back home in a dazed condition. Here was fresh news. My house-owner, the proprietor of the hotel was dead. Poor fellow! I could never forget him. He rowed twice a day to get the Byzantine Boating medal, he ran thrice a day to win the Racer's medal; he bathed and shaved regularly to merit the cleanliness medal, and ate as many times as the cooks could serve him, in order to carry off the consumption Medal. And he now died perhaps to compete for the 'corpses' medal.

It was high time, I thought, to shift for myself. My first wooing had come to an end and here was the man who fed and boarded me clean, gone past return. I offered my services to the State University as a Professor of Philosophy of Laputan reputation, at present engaged in biological research work through metaphysical speculations, based on the quadratic eqation of the hydrastatical conics, established by political economy in co-operative carpentry. It seemed too much to their needs. It was my advantage, that minute. I triumphantly dealt about the immortality of the soul by transcendentalism, absolutism and positivism doctrines, concluding very coolly that all these—isms were the prisms for the soul to look through. I gained my cause. From that time I felt I was a made man, having been appointed 'Regius professor of Mental and Moral Scienc."

By the end of a month I had earned medals that completely hid the front of my dress in one long sheet of metalic glory. The next day I presented myself to another

angel, the Mayor's daughter, who I felt could never be able to withstand this shining breast. With a shriek that was heart-rending she disappeared slamming the door in my face. Well. Whoever could have thought that my tweed coat must have been worn also when the medals had covered up the front so fully?

This was my second failure at getting a wife I gave it up. I melted all my medals in a fit of outraged common sense and the bullion that came out of it was shining when I was clapped into prison for melting the State medals. Here again, I was given a medal,—iron one this time. But on the Election day I was let at liberty and honourably exonerated The first girl of the Temple hall said she would marry me now. I sent her away with a medal. The Mayor got up an 'at home' to me; I declined, with a complementary medal. The Second angel of the shrieking fame sought my hand I kissed her away with a medal. I presented a medal, to the automobile man and came to the harbour. I bargained a couple of medals to the ship-owner; exchanged half a dozen for board in the transit and at last I got back to my own country safe and sound. They didn't believe my story there. Now my trophy of sackfuls of medals first satisfied their patriotism but when they became normal, I was set down as abnormal, and one of them actually discovered that there was madness in my family. The Doctor treated me for pathology for some time but later gave it up I was thus landed into the Lunatic Asylum and however hard I might try, they still think that I had travelled in Africa, and had gone into the decoration of the savage. What an end! I assured them night and day that it was all genuine and that it was my worth that won so many medals but they wouldn't believe me. I am still in the Asylum. Worthy Reader, do come to me to plead on my behalf. I will bless you with all the remaining medals!

SALEMIUS.

The above paper was read at the 'Shakespeare Club' Kumbakonam

ஸ்ரீ:

மஹாவித்வான் ஸ்ரீ-உ-வே.

ம. வீ. இராமாநுஜாசாரியர் அவர்கள்.

உலகத்தில் கல்வியிற் சுவையுள்ளவர்களுக்கு, பலருடைய கல்விக்குக் காரணமாயிருப்பவர்களும் உலகப்பிரசித்திபெற்றவர்களும் கல்வி அறிவு ஒழுக்கங்களிற் சிறந்தவர்களுமான மஹான்களுடைய சரித்திரங்களைத் தெரிந்துகொள்வதும் மிக்க பயன்தருவதாகும்.

ஆதலின், நமது கும்பகோணம் காலேஜ் தலைமைத் தமிழ்ப் பண்டிதர்ஸ்தானத்தில் வீற்றிருந்து அதனை அலங்கரித்துத் தற்காலம் உபகாரவேதனம்பெற்று விலகிய மஹாவித்வான், ஸ்ரீ-உ-வே ஆசார்யரவர்களுடைய சிறந்தசரித்திரத்தை, நான் சற்றேறக்குறைய 13 வருஷ காலமாக அவர்களிடம் நெருங்கிப்பழகியும் 5, 6 வருஷங்கள் உடன்வஸித்தும் வந்ததைக்கொண்டும், அவர்களுடைய ஆப்தபந்துக்கள் சிற்சில சமயங்களில் சொல்லக்கேட்டறிந்ததைக்கொண்டும், ஆசாரியரவர்களுடன் அவ்வப்போதுநேர்ந்த ஸம்பாஷணங்களால் அறிந்த குறிப்பைக்கொண்டும், என்னுடைய சிற்றறிவுக்கு எட்டியவாறு சுருக்கமாக எழுதுகிறேன்.

நான் இந்த விஷயமாகச் சிலகுறிப்புக்கள் அருளல்வேண்டுமென்று அவர்களிடம் விண்ணப்பம் செய்ததற்கு, அவர்கள், ஸ்ரீமஹாபாரதப் பதிப்பு நிறைவேறியபிறகு அதனால் உலகம் தெரிந்துகொள்ளும் அளவே போதுமென்றும் தனியே ஒன்றும் வேண்டாமென்றும் மறுத்தார்கள். ஆயினும், நான் பலமுறை வேண்டிச் சில காலவரையறைகளையும் லிகிதக்குறிப்புக்களையும் அவர்களிடம் நேரில் தெரிந்துகொண்டேன்.

நம் ஆசாரியரவர்களின் முன்னோர்கள் ஐந்து தலைமுறைக்கு முன்பு ஸ்ரீபெரும்பூதூரிலிருந்துவந்து, சமீபத்திலுள்ள நரசிங்கம் பேட்டையில் இன்றைக்கும் பிரவசித்தியாயிருப்பவர்களும் செல்வான்களும் தம்முடைய சிஷ்யர்களுமான சில ரெட்டியார்குடும்பங்களால் மணலூரென்னும் கிராமத்தில் வீடுநிலமுதலியன அமைத்து ஆதரிக்கப்பெற்று அங்கே தங்கினார்கள். முன்னோர்கள் எல்லோருமே கல்விமிக்கவர்கள்; தவம் சீலம் அருள் அடக்கம் வாய்மை முதலிய நற்குண நற்செய்கைகள் வாய்ந்தவர்கள்; தென்கலைவைணவர்கள்; இவர்களின் குடிப்பெயர், 'வீரவல்லியார்' என்பது.

Pandit, M. V. RAMANUJACHARIAR.

இந்தச் சிறந்தகுலத்தில் தவம் ஒழுக்கமுதலியவற்றில் சிறந்தவர்களும் மணலூர் வட்டம் கிராமமுனிசீபாயிருந்தவர்களுமான ஸ்ரீ-உ-வே. வீராஸாமி ஐயங்காரவர்களுக்கு நம் ஆசிரியரவர்கள் திருக்குமாரராக 1866-ஹு ஏப்ரல்மீ 16உ அவதரித்தனர். இவர்களின் அருமைத் தாயாரின் திருநாமம் கனகவல்லியாரென்பது. இவர்கள் அன்பே வடிவுகொண்டதுபோன்றவர்கள். சில சமயங்களில் இவர்களுடைய அருள் நிறைந்த இன்சொற்களாலேயே எனக்குச் சிலநோய்கள் நீங்கினதுண்டு.

நம் ஸ்ரீமான் ஆசிரியரவர்களின் பெற்றோர்கள் இவர்களுக்கு, "இராமாநுஜாசாரியர்" என்னும் திருநாமம் சூட்டினர். இங்ஙனம்செய்தது, இவர்கள் ஸ்ரீகண்ணபிரானைப்போல அடைந்தாரை ஆதரித்தல் முதலிய நற்குண நற்செய்கைகள் வாய்ந்தவர்களாவர் எனவும் ஸ்ரீஉடையவர்போலப் பலருக்கும் ஞானதானம் செய்வரெனவும் கருதியேபோலும்.

இவர்கள் தம்தந்தையார் அஸௌக்யமாயிருந்தமை காரணமாக உரியகாலத்தில் கல்விபயில்விக்கப்பெருமலிருந்து பின்பு சிலகாலம் கழித்து மணலூரிலேயே ஒருதிண்ணைப்பள்ளிக்கூடத்தில் கல்வி பயிலுவதற்காக வைக்கப்பெற்றனர். கிராமமாயிருந்தமையாலும் கல்வியில் சிரத்தை அதிகமில்லாத காலமாயிருந்தமையாலும் அப்பள்ளிக்கூடங்களும் உண்டாவதும் ஆதரிப்பாரின்றிக் கலைந்துபோவதுமாயிருந்தமையின் இவர்கள் சிலகாலங்கூடத் தொடர்ச்சியாகக் கல்வி பயில ஏதுவில்லாமற்போயிற்று. எனினும், சிலநாட்கள் பயின்றதிலேயே சில சிறுநூல்களைப் படித்துமுடித்து நன்கு எழுதப்படிக்கக் கற்றனர். இந்நிலையில் 11-ம் பிராயத்திலேயே இவர்களின் அருமைத்தந்தையார் பரமபதம் அடைந்தனர். பின்பு, இவர்கள், கிராமமுன்சீப் வேலைபார்த்துவந்தவர்களும் தம் தமயனுருமான ஸ்ரீ-உ. கோபாலையங்காரவர்களால் ஆதரிக்கப்பெற்றனர். அங்குள்ள இவர்களுடைய பந்துக்கள் ஏவின செய்தலே இவர்களுக்கு இளமையின் விளையாட்டாயிருக்கும்.

இந்நிலையில் இவர்கள் ஆங்கிலம்பயில விரும்பிக் கும்பகோணத்தில் வந்து படிக்கத்தொடங்குவதும் தம் குடும்பத்தில் நேரும் இடையூறுகளால் வருஷமுழுதும் படிக்காமல் சிலமாதங்களுக்குள்ளேயே திரும்ப ஊருக்குப்போய்விடுவதும் வீட்டிலேயே ஒழிவுநேரங்களிற் படித்துக்கொண்டிருந்து அடுத்தவருஷத்தில், இப்போது போல நிர்ப்பந்தமில்லாமையால் அடுத்த மேல்வகுப்பிலேயே வந்துசேருவதுமாகச் சில்லாண்டுகள் சென்றன. இப்படி மெட்ரிகுலேஷன்

வ்குப்புவரை படித்துப் பிறகு போதிய உதவி இல்லாமையால் நிறுத்தவே நேர்ந்தது.

இப்பால் நம் ஆசிரியரவர்கள் மணலூரில் தாமே தம் பந்துக்களாகிய சில பிள்ளைகளுக்குக் கல்விகற்பிக்கத் தொடங்க, பின்பு அது ஒரு பெரிய பிரைமெரிஸ்கூல் ஆயிற்று. அதில் இவர்கள் சிலகாலம் ஹெட்மாஸ்டராயிருந்தார்கள். அப்போது இவர்கள், மஹாமேதாவிகளும் பரமசீலர்களும் சாமண்ணா ஐயங்காரென்று பெயர் வழங்கப் பெற்றவர்களுமான தம் மாதுலர் ஸ்ரீ-உ. வீரராகவாசாரியரவர்களிடத்து ஸம்ஸ்கிருதமும் பயின்றுவந்தார்கள்.

பின்பு, பந்துக்களின் நடுவில் வஸிப்பது தமது கல்விக்குப் பெரியதோர் இடையூறாகவிருந்தமையால் எங்கேயாவது சென்று கல்விகற்றுத் திரும்பவேண்டுமென்றும் இல்லாவிடில் திரும்புவதேயில்லையென்றும் நிச்சயித்து அப்போது தம் கையிலிருந்த மிகச் சிறியதொரு தொகையை எடுத்துக்கொண்டு எவருக்குந்தெரியாமல் இரவே புறப்பட்டு ரயில்மார்க்கமாகப் புனா (Poona) சென்றனர். அப்போது இவர்களுக்குப் பிராயம் பதினெட்டு. செல்லும்போது இடையில் ரயிலில் யாத்திரைசெய்துகொண்டிருந்த ஒரு வியாபாரி சிநேகமானார். புனா சென்றதும் அங்கிருந்த ஒரு பெரிய வியாபாரியால் இருவரும் மிக்க மரியாதையோடு வரவேற்கப்பெற்றுச் சிலநாள் அங்குத் தங்கினர். பின்பு நம் ஆசிரியரவர்கள் தனியே பம்பாய் சென்று மிக்க சிரமப்பட்டு அலைந்து காந்தாவாடியிலுள்ள நாராயணவாடி என்னுமிடத்தைத் தெரிந்துசென்று அம்மடத்தின் தலைவரால் ஆதரிக்கப்பெற்று அங்குத் தங்கினார்கள்.

நம் ஆசிரியரவர்கள் பிருந்தாவனம் போவதாயிருந்ததை ஒரு நண்பர் அங்குள்ள அஸௌகர்யங்களைச் சொல்லித் தடுத்ததுடன் பம்பாயிலேயே ரெயில்வே ஆபீஸில் ஒருவேலையிலும் அமரச் செய்தார். அங்ஙனம் வேலைபார்த்துவருகையில் அது தம்கல்விக்கு இடையூறாகவிருந்தமையால் இவர்கள் காசியம்பதியிலுள்ள Queen's College-ல் போய் ஸம்ஸ்கிருதம்பயில நிச்சயித்து அதன் தலைவர் டாக்டர் தீபோவுக்கு ஒரு விண்ணப்பம் அனுப்பினார்கள். அவர்கள் அதனைக்கண்ணுற்ற மாத்திரத்திலேயே ஊழ்நிகழ்ச்சியால் இவர்களிடத்து மிக்க நன்மதிப்புக்கொண்டு உடனே வந்துசேரும்படி விடையெழுதி, "பண்டிதர்" என்று விலாஸமும் எழுதியனுப்பினர். இங்ஙனம் அவர் முதல் முதலில் பண்டிதரென்று எழுதியதே இவர்கள் பண்டிதரென்னும் பெயருடனே Retire ஆவதற்குக் காரணமாயிருந்ததுபோலும்.

பின்பு, நம் ஆசிரியரவர்கள் அங்கிருந்து காசிக்கு வந்தார்கள். காசிநகரில் வந்து இறங்கியவேளை நள்ளிரவு. தாம் விரும்பிவந்த இடத்தைத் தனியே நெடுநேரம் தேடி அலைந்தும் காணக்கூடாமல், குளிரால் மிகவருந்தி, ஒரு திண்ணையில் தங்கியிருந்து காலையில் இடந்தெரிந்துசென்று அங்கிருந்த திருப்பனந்தாள் ஆதீனத்து மானேஜர் ஸ்ரீ-உ சேஷ ஐயங்காரவர்களால் ஆதரிக்கப்பெற்றனர். அவர்கள் இவர்களின் தந்தையாரால் ஆதரிக்கப் பெற்றவரென்று அவர்கள்சொல்லத் தெரிந்தது.

பின்னர், தாம் விரும்பியபடி கலாசாலைத்தலைவரைப் பார்க்கச் செல்ல அவரும் மிக்க அன்புடன் ஏற்று அக் கலாசாலையில் கல்வி பயில அனுமதியளித்தனர். இவர்கள் வசித்த இடத்திற்கும் கலாசாலைக்கும் 3-மைல் தூரம் உண்டு. காலை 7-மணிமுதல் 10-மணிவரை இவர்கள் வகுப்புப்பாடம் நடக்கும். இவர்கள் இரவு 4-மணிக்கே எழுந்து காலைக்கடன்களை முடித்துப்போய்ப் படித்து வருவதும் வீட்டில் ஒழிவுநேரங்களில் இங்கிலீஷ் படிப்பதுமாயிருக்கையில், திருவாவடுதுறை ஆதீனத்தைச் சேர்ந்ததும் காசியம்பதியிலுள்ளதுமான கண்ணப்பசாமிமடத்தில், வடமொழி தென்மொழி இரண்டும் வல்லுநரான ஸ்ரீலஸ்ரீ பரமசிவத் தம்பிரானவர்களின் பழக்கமுண்டாயிற்று. அவர்களின் நியமனப்படி அவர்களிடமே தமிழ்க்கல்வி பயிலத் தொடங்கிச் சிலநூல்களைப் படித்தனர். இது சிறிது மிகவே கலாசாலைக்குப் போய்வருவது அசௌகர்யமாயிருந்தமையின் அதனைவிட்டு, தமிழும், மஹாவித்வான் ப்ரம்மஸ்ரீ பிரம்மதேசம் சாமிசாஸ்திரிகளவர்களிடம் ஸம்ஸ்கிருதமும் படித்து வந்தார்கள். இதனிடையில் சில நண்பர்களோடு கயாயாத்திரை சென்று அங்கு செய்யவேண்டிய கடமைகளைச் செய்து திரும்பி வந்தார்கள். இஃது இங்ஙனமாக,

இங்கு மணலூரில் இவர்களின் அருமைத்தாயார் தம் அரும் பெறன்மைந்தராகிய இவர்களின் பிரிவை ஆற்றாமல், தெரிந்தவர்களைக்கொண்டு, வந்துவிடும்படி கடிதம் எழுதுவதும் போகிறவர்களிடம் சொல்லியனுப்புவதும் போய்வருவாரைக்கண்டு விசாரித்து வருவதுமாகப் பட்ட கவலைக்கு அளவே இல்லை. நம் ஆசிரியரவர்களுடைய குழந்தைப் பருவந்தொட்டே மிகுநட்புடையவர்களான மகா-ரா-ரா-ஸ்ரீ கோட்டூர் C. கிருஷ்ணஸாமி ஐயரவர்கள், (இப்போது, கும்பகோணம் பெரியதெருவில் ஜவுளிவியாபாரம் செய்பவர்கள்) "தாங்கள் உடனே திரும்பி வராதவரையில் தாங்களே தங்கள் தாயாரின் மரணத்திற்குக் காரணமாவீர்கள்" என்று எழுதி

உடனே திரும்பிவந்துவிடவேண்டுமென்று பல்முறையும் வற்புறுத தினமையால் அதனை மறுக்கமுடியாமல் ஊருக்குத் திரும்பிவருவது அவசியமாயிற்று. திரும்பும்போது ஷ்டி பரமசிவத்தம்பிரானவர்கள் அப்போது திருவாவடுதுறை ஆதீனத்தலைவர்களாக வீற்றிருந்த ஸ்ரீலஸ்ரீ சுப்பிரமணியதேசிகர் அவர்களுக்கும் திருப்பனந்தாள் ஆதீனத்தலைவர்களாயிருந்த குமாரசாமித் தம்பிரான் அவர்களுக்கும் இவர்களுக்கு வேண்டிய ஸௌகரியங்களைச் செய்து படிப்பிக்க வேண்டுமென்று இவர்களுக்குத்தெரியாமலே எழுதியிருந்தார்கள். இவர்கள் திரும்பி ஊருக்குவந்தபிறகு திருவாவடுதுறை ஆதீனத் தலைவர்களைப் பார்த்தபோது, அவர்கள், "ஐயா! உங்களைப்பற்றிப் பரமசிவத்தம்பிரான் நிரம்ப எழுதியிருக்கிறார். நாளையே குடும்பத் தோடு இங்குவந்திருந்து படிக்கலாம். இங்குள்ளவர்கள் வேண்டிய ஸௌகரியங்களைச் செய்வார்கள்" என்றுகட்டளையிட அங்ஙனமே இவர்கள் திருவாவடுதுறையில் வந்திருந்து பட்டத்துத்தம்பிரான் அவர்களுடன் சேர்ந்து படித்துவந்தார்கள். (இவர்களே உலகம் புகழப் பலவருஷங்கள் ஆதீனத்தலைமைபூண்டிருந்து ஸமீபத்தில் காலமான ஸ்ரீலஸ்ரீ அம்பலவாணதேசிகரவர்கள்).

இந்தஸமயத்தில், மறைந்துபோகும் தறுவாயிலிருந்த சங்க நூல்கள் பலவற்றையும் மற்றும் பலஅரிய நூல்களையும் சிறந்த ஆராய்ச்சியோடு பதிப்பித்து வெளியிட்டும் நந்தமிழுலகத்திற்குப் பேருதவி செய்துவருபவர்களும் அக்காலத்துக் கும்பகோணம் காலேஜிலேயே தலைமைத் தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதர்களாக வீற்றிருந்து அதனை அலங்கரித்தவர்களுமான மஹாவித்வான் பிரம்மஸ்ரீ மஹா மஹோபாத்தியாய, வே. சாமிநாத ஐயரவர்களுடைய பரிசயம் இவர்களுக்கு உண்டாயிற்று.

பின்பு ஒருகால், ஸ்ரீரங்கம் ஹைஸ்கூல் தலைவர்கள் தம் ஹை ஸ்கூலுக்கு ஒரு தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதர் வேண்டுமென்று ஸ்ரீமத் ஐயரவர் களிடம் கேட்டுக்கொள்ள, ஸ்ரீமத் ஐயரவர்கள் அப்போதிருந்தவர் களில் நம் ஆசிரியரவர்களே அதற்குத்தகுந்தவர்களெனக் கருதித் துறசை ஆதீனத்தலைவர்களிடம் தெரிவிக்க, அவர்கள் அங்ஙனமே நமது ஆசிரியரவர்களை ஸ்ரீரங்கம் போகும்படி நியமித்தனர். இவர் கள் படிப்பைவிட்டுச்செல்ல மனமில்லாதவர்களாயிருந்தும் ஷ்டி ஆதீனத்தலைவர்களுடைய கட்டளையை மறக்க இயலாமையால் ஸ்ரீரங்கம் சென்று ஷ்டி ஸ்கூலில் சிலமாதங்கள் வேலைபார்த்து வந்தனர். பின்பு படிக்கும் அவாமிகுதியாலேயே அந்த வேலையை

விட்டுத் திரும்பத் திருவாவடுதுறைக்கு வந்துவிட்டனர். அதன் பின், இவர்களுக்கு விவாகம் நடந்தது.

அப்பொழுது சூரியனார்கோயில் ஆதீனத்தலைவர்களும் திருவாவடுதுறையிலேயே வசித்துவந்தவர்களுமான ஸ்ரீலஸ்ரீ முத்துக்குமாரதேசிகரவர்கள் சூரியனார்கோயிலுக்கே வந்தார்கள். அவர்கள் நமது ஆசிரியரவர்களைத் தம்முடனிருக்கும்படி அனுப்பவேண்டுமென்று ஸ்ரீலஸ்ரீ சுப்பிரமணியதேசிகரவர்களிடம் கேட்டுக்கொள்ள அவர்கள் அனுமதிப்படி நம் ஆசிரியரவர்கள் சூரியனார்கோவிலுக்கு வந்து ஷ‌ முத்துக்குமாரதேசிகரவர்களிடம் சிலநூல்கள் பாடம் கேட்டுவந்தார்கள். அப்போது துறைசையில் ஸ்ரீலஸ்ரீ சுப்பிரமணியதேசிகரவர்கள் பரிபூர்ணதசையடையவே ஸ்ரீலஸ்ரீ அம்பலவாணதேசிகர் அவர்கள் பட்டத்துக்கு வந்தார்கள். அப்பொழுது முத்துக்குமாரதேசிகரவர்களுக்கும் துறைசை ஆதீனத் தலைவர்களுக்கும் உணர்ச்சி வேறுபாடுவரும்போலத் தோற்றினமையால் அவ்விதநிலைமையில் அங்கிருப்பது தகுதியன்றெனக்கருதிக் கும்பகோணம் பொற்றாமரை ஹைஸ்கூலில் தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதராக அமர்ந்து ஸ்ரீமத் ஐயரவர்களிடத்தில் சிலநூல்கள் பாடங்கேட்டுக்கொண்டுவந்தனர். பிறகு, திருச்சிராப்பள்ளியில் ரயில்வே ஆடிட்டர்ஆபீஸில் ஸௌகர்யமான ஒரு வேலை கிடைத்தமையால் இந்த ஸ்கூல்வேலையை விட்டு அங்குச்சென்று அவ்வேலையைப் பார்த்துவந்தார்கள். இங்ஙனமிருக்கையில் தங்கள் குடும்பத்தில் நெடுநாளாக இருந்துவந்த வில்லேஜ் முன்சீப் வேலையைப் பெற்றுக்கொள்ளவேண்டுமென்று குடும்பத்தினர் பலரும் வற்புறுத்தினமையால் ரயில்வே ஆபீஸ் வேலையை விட்டு மணலூரில் வந்து 3 வருஷம் ஷ‌ வில்லேஜ் முன்சீப் வேலையை மேலதிகாரிகளும் கிராமத்திலுள்ளவர்களும் திருப்தி அடையும்படி பார்த்துவந்தார்கள். அப்படியிருந்தும் படிப்பு சம்பந்தமாகப் பொழுதுபோக்கக்கூடாமற்போனமையால் திரும்ப எதாவது ஒரு ஸ்கூல் வேலையில் அமரவேண்டுமென்ற விருப்பம் உண்டாயிற்று. அக்காலத்தில் ஸ்ரீமத் ஐயரவர்களை அடிக்கடி வந்து தரிசிப்பது வழக்கமானதால் ஒருமுறை தமதுகருத்தை அவர்களிடம் தெரிவித்தார்கள். அந்த ஸமயம் கும்பகோணம் நேடிவ் ஹைஸ்கூலில் தமிழ்ப் பண்டிதர் ஸ்தானம் காலியாயிற்று. அதனைப் பெற்றுக்கொண்டு 1893-ஆு ஜனவரிமீ 16உ முதல் சுமார் 18-வருஷகாலம் வேலைபார்த்துவந்தனர். 1900ஆு மன்னார்குடி காலேஜுக்கு இங்கிருந்ததைக்காட்டிலும் அதிக ஸௌகர்யம் செய்வதாக அந்தக் காலேஜ் தலைவரால் அழைக்கப்பெற்று இவர்களும் தமது சரீர

ஆரோக்கியத்தை உத்தேசித்து அங்கே போவதாயிருக்க, ஷ ஹை ஸ்கூல் முதல் உதவிஉபாத்யாயர்களும் இவர்களிடத்து மிக்க பக்ஷமுள்ளவர்களுமான மகா ரா-ரா-ஸ்ரீ M. R. சாமிநாதையரவர்கள் அந்தச் சமயம் இவர்கள் தம்முடன் இருப்பது தமக்கு அப்போது நேர்ந்த கிலேசத்துக்கு ஆறுதலாயிருக்குமென்று சொல்ல ஸ்நேக முறையில் கட்டுப்பட்டு இங்கேயே தங்கினார்கள்.

பின்பு, இவர்கள் ஸ்ரீமஹாபாரதத்திலுள்ள பல அரியகதைகள் நீதிகள் முதலியன உள்ளபடி தமிழில் வெளிவரவேண்டுமென்று கருதி அதனைக் கும்பகோணம் சாரங்கபாணி ஸந்நிதி ஸ்ரீமான் C. S. நரஸிம்மாசார்யர் முதலிய தம் ஆப்தர்களிடம் தெரிவித்த போது அவர்கள் ஸ்ரீமஹாபாரதத்திற்கு முழுதுமே ஒரு தமிழ் மொழிபெயர்ப்பு இருத்தல் இன்றியமையாததென்றும் அதனைச் செய்வதற்கு இவர்களே தகுதியுடையாரென்றும் வற்புறுத்திக் கூறினமையின் அங்ஙனமே மொழிபெயர்த்து அச்சிடத்தொடங்கினார்கள். இதை அறிந்த மகா-ரா-ரா-ஸ்ரீ திவான்பகதூர் R. ரகுநாத ராயரவர்கள் ஸ்ரீ-உ-வே. வை. மு. சடகோபராமானுஜாசாரியரவர்கள் முதலான சில பெரியோர்கள் இவ்வரிய பெரிய இதிஹாஸத்தின் விரிவையும் பெருமையையும் பொருளாழமுடைமையையும் எடுத்துக்கூறி இது மிகவும் சிரமஸாத்யமான காரியமென்றும் நிறுத்திவிடுவதே தகுதியென்றும் வற்புறுத்தினார்கள். இவ்வாறு இவர்கள் தடுக்கத் தடுக்க நம் ஆசிரியரவர்களுக்கு ஷ காரியத்தை நிறைவேற்றுவதில் ஊக்கம் அதிகமாயிற்று. இப்படியாக இதனை அச்சிட்டு வெளியாக்கிவரும்பொழுது இந்தவேலையை அதிகமாகக் கவனிக்க நேர்ந்தமையால் நேடிவ் ஹை ஸ்கூலில் சிலகாலத்திற்கு லீவு வாங்கிக்கொண்டதோடு ஸ்கூல் வேலையை விட்டுவிட்டும் பாரதப்பதிப்புவேலையை நடத்துவதென்றும் நிச்சயித்திருந்தார்கள். இஃது இவ்வாறாக;

கும்பகோணம் காலேஜ் தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதராகவிருந்த ஸ்ரீ-உ-வே வை. மு. சடகோபராமானுஜாசாரியரவர்கள் 1910-ம் வூ கடைசியில் பரமபதம் அடைந்தார்கள். நம் ஸ்ரீமத் ஆசாரியரவர்கள் ஸ்ரீமஹாபாரதவேலைக்குத் தடையாகுமோவென்று ஸந்தேகித்து மனத்தில் துணிவுபிறவாமலிருந்தபோது பல ஆப்தர்கள் பெறவே வேண்டுமென்று காரணம் காட்டிக்கூற மஹாவித்வான் பிரம்மஸ்ரீ மஹாமஹோபாத்தியாய ஐயரவர்கள் மற்றும் சில பெரியோர்கள் இவர்களது உதவியினால் 1911-வூ ஜனவரி மீ 22உ ஷ காலேஜ் பண்டிதர் ஸ்தானத்தை அடைந்தனர். இவர்களைத் தெரிந்து

நியமித்ததற்காக, அப்போது ப்ரின்ஸிபாலாயிருந்த மிஸ்டர் யேட்ஸ் துரையவர்களைக் கொண்டாடிய அறிஞர் பலர். பின்னர் இவர்கள் காலேஜ் வேலையைப் பார்த்துவந்ததோடு ஷை துரையவர்களின் விருப்பப்படி அவர்களிடத்திலும் மற்றும்சிலரிடத்திலும் Phonetics முறையைப் புதிதாகப்பயின்று ஆங்கிலங்கற்பவர்களுக்குப் பெரிதும் பயன்படும்படி அந்த முறையில் ஓர் அரிய இங்கிலீஷ் இலக்கணம் தமிழில் எழுதி உதவினார்கள். இதனோடு தாம் மேற்கொண்ட ஸ்ரீமஹாபாரதப் பதிப்பையும் நடத்திவந்தார்கள். ஷை பதிப்பு வேலை பல சிறந்தபண்டிதர்களை வைத்துக்கொண்டு மிக்கபொருட் செலவோடு நடத்தப்பெறுவதும் நம் தமிழுலகத்திற்கே பெரிதும் பெருமையளிப்பதுமாகும். சிலசமயங்களில் உடனுள்ள பண்டிதர் களை வைத்துக்கொண்டு ஒரு பகல்முழுதும் ஆராய்ந்தும் ஒரு சுலோகத்தின் பொருளும் நிச்சயத்திற்கு வராமற்போனதும் உண்டு. ஸ்ரீமஹாபாரதத்தை மிக்க சிரத்தையோடு படித்துவந்தவர்களும் நமது ஆசிரியரவர்களிடத்தில் மிக்க அன்புள்ளவர்களுமான திருப் பனந்தாள் ஆதீனத் தலைவர் ஸ்ரீலஸ்ரீ காசிவாசி சோமசுந்தரத் தம்பிரானவர்கள் ஷை பாரத ஆராய்ச்சியில் இருந்த சிரமத்தைப் பார்த்து, கோடையில் உதகமண்டலத்திலுள்ள தமது பங்களாவில் போய் வஸித்துவரும்படி, தாமாகவேவற்புறுத்தி, வேண்டிய உதவி யும் செய்தார்கள். அங்ஙனமே தமது கோடை விடுமுறைநாட் களில் ஐந்தாறு முறை நமது ஆசிரியரவர்கள் மற்றும் உதவிக்கு வேண்டியவர்களையும் அழைத்துக்கொண்டு அங்குச்சென்று வஸித்து ஷை பாரதவேலையை நடத்திவந்தார்கள். இங்ஙனம் தமது முக்ய மான குடும்ப காரியங்களைக்கூடக் கவனியாமல் இம்மொழிபெயர்ப் புக் கைங்கர்யத்தையே விரதமாகக்கொண்டு இதுவரை நடத்திவருவ தில் ஸ்ரீமஹாபாரதம் முழுதும் மொழிபெயர்த்தானதோடு பாதிக்கு மேற்பட்டபாகம் அச்சிட்டும் வெளிவந்துவிட்டது. இதுவரையில் ஷை பாரத சம்பந்தமாக ஏற்பட்டிருக்கும் பொருட்செலவு மிக அதிகம். இதற்காக, போதிய அளவு உதவிசெய்ய நம் தேசம் முன்வராமையால் அவர்கள் பலசமயங்களில் முட்டுப்பாடு அடை வது உண்டு. எனக்குத் தெரிந்தமட்டில் இச்சமயங்களில் பொருட் கவலையில்லாமல் உதவி செய்துவரும் சிலருள் முக்கியமானவர்கள் இவர்களது ஆப்த நண்பர்களான மகா-ரா-ரா-ஸ்ரீ கோட்டூர் C. கிருஷ்ணஸாமி ஐயரவர்களே. "உடுக்கை யிழந்தவன் கைபோல வாங்கே, இடுக்கண் களைவதாம் நட்பு" என்னும் நட்பின் பெருமை யை இவர்களிடத்து நான் நேரில் கண்டிருக்கிறேன்.

சென்ற 1919-ம்௵ சென்னை பிரஸிடென்ஸி காலேஜிலிருந்து ப்ரம்மஸ்ரீ மஹாமஹோபாத்யாய ஐயரவர்கள் பென்ஷன் பெற்று விலகியபொழுது சென்னை வித்யாஇலாகாத் தலைவரவர்கள் நம் ஆசிரியரவர்களை ஷை காலேஜ் ஸ்தானத்திற்கு வருதலைப் பற்றிக்கேட்க இவர்கள் தமது குடும்பத்திலிருந்த பெரியோர்களின் பாதுகாவலுக்காகக் கும்பகோணத்திலேயே அக்காலம் வஸிப்பது இன்றியமையாததென்று தெரிவித்து அதனைப் பெற்றுக்கொள்ளாமலிருந்துவிட்டார்கள்.

சென்ற 11-வருஷங்களாக ஷை கும்பகோணம் காலேஜில் படித்துவந்த மாணவர்களெல்லாம் தமது புண்ணியவசத்தாலேயே இவர்களிடத்துக் கல்விபயில நேர்ந்ததென்று மகிழ வேலைபார்த்து வந்து சென்ற 18—4—1921ல் மிக்க திருப்தியோடு உபகாரச் சம்பளம்பெற்று விலகினார்கள். சென்ற சில வருஷங்களாகச் சென்னை யூனிவர்ஸிடி ஓரியண்டல் டைட்டில் பரீக்ஷாதிகாரிகளாக இருந்துவந்தது ஸ்ரீமஹாபாரத வேலைக்கு இடையூறாகவிருந்தமையின் அதிலிருந்து விலகிக்கொண்டார்கள். சில வருஷங்களுக்கு முன்னர் ஸர்வகலாசாலைச் சங்கத்தார் நியமித்த தமிழ் Board of Studies Member ஸ்தானத்தில் மட்டும் இன்னும் இருந்துவருகிறார்கள்.

இவர்கள் காலேஜ்வேலைபார்த்துவந்த காலத்தில், முறையே பிரின்ஸிபால் ஸ்தானத்தில் இருந்துவருகிற மிஸ்டர் J. A. Yates, மிஸ்டர் R. M. Statham, மகா-ரா-ரா-ஸ்ரீ ராவ் ஸாஹிப் P. ராஜ கோபால ஐயரவர்கள் ஆகிய மூவருமே இவர்களிடத்து மிக்க அன்பும் கௌரவமும் பாராட்டிவந்ததோடு சிநேகிதர்களைப் போலவே நடத்தியும் வந்தார்கள். சுமார் நூற்றைம்பதின்மருக்கு மேற்கொண்ட இவர்கள் பயிற்றும் காலேஜ் வகுப்புக்கள், சித்திரப் ப்ரவைபோல அடங்கி இவர்களின் திருவாக்கை யெதிர்பார்த்த வண்ணமாயிருந்ததை நான் பலமுறை கண்ணாரக் கண்டிருக்கிறேன். இவர்களிடத்தில் கல்விகற்றார் சிலர் காலேஜுகளிலும் ஹைஸ்கூல்களிலும் தற்காலம் பண்டிதர்களாயிருக்கிறார்கள்.

இவர்கள் அருள், அடக்கம், பொறை, வாய்மை, தூய்மை அன்பு, வண்மை முதலிய பல உத்தமகுணங்கள் நிரம்பியவர்கள். இவர்களின் குணாதிசயங்கள், ஆராய்ச்சிவன்மை, போதனாசக்தி முதலியவற்றை இவர்களிடத்துப் பயின்ற மாணவர்களும் இவர்கள் வேலைபார்த்துவந்த இடங்களிலுள்ள தலைவர்களும் மற்றுமுள்ள

உபாத்யாயர்களும் இன்னும் பலபெரியோர்களும் பலபடப்புகழ்ந்து கூறியும் எழுதியுமிருக்கிறார்கள்.

இவர்கள்வீட்டிற்கு ஆப்தர்களும் பந்துக்களுமான பலவிருந் தினர்கள் காலங்களிலும் அகாலங்களிலும் வந்துபோவதுண்டு. கற்புக்கணியும் அருள், அடக்கம், பொறுமை நிறைமுதலிய அரிய குணங்களெல்லாம் ஒருங்கே அமையப்பெற்றவர்களுமான இவர்க ளின் திருத்தேவியாரவர்களும் இவர்களைப்போலவே மிக்க உதார மனத்துடன் சிரமத்தைச் சிறிதும் பாராமல் உபசரித்து வருவது மிகவும் கொண்டாடத்தக்கது.

இவர்களுக்கு இரண்டு குமாரர்களும் நான்கு குமாரிகளும் இருக்கின்றனர்.

இப்பொழுது நம் ஸ்ரீ-உ. ஆசாரியரவர்கள் குணவைபவங்களில் எனது சிற்றறிவுக்கு எட்டியவரையில் ஒரு சிறிது சுருக்கமாக வெளியிட்டேன்.

இப்பால் இவர்கள் தாம்மேற்கொண்ட ஸ்ரீமஹாபாரதப் பதிப் பைப் பூர்த்திசெய்வதின் பொருட்டே சிலகாலமாகச் சென்னை யில் வஸித்து ஷை வேலையையும் நடத்திவருகிறார்கள்.

இவர்கள் மேற்கொண்ட அரும்பெருங்காரியத்தை நிறை வேற்றிவைக்கும்படியும் இவர்களுக்கும் இவர்களின் குடும்பத்தினர் களுக்கும் நீண்ட ஆயுள் ஆரோக்யம் செல்வப்பெருக்க முதலிய நன்மைகளனைத்தையும் பொழிந்தருளும்படியும் எல்லாம் வல்ல ஸர்வேசுவரனை எக்காலமும் சிந்தித்து வந்திப்போமாக.

இங்ஙனம்,

C. N. துரைஸாமி,

உதவித்தமிழ்ப்பண்டிதன்,

வாணாதுறை ஹைஸ்கூல், கும்பகோணம்.

To

M. R. Ry. Rao Sahib.

***P. Rajagopala Iyer Avl.*, M.A., I.E.S., F.M.U.,**

On his being made Rao Sahib.

நிலைமண்டில வாசிரியப்பா.

புன்னையும் கொன்றையும் பொலிந்தநல் வாகையும்
தென்னைதீம் பலாவும் தேமா வகையும்
மின்னொளி காலும் மிதமில் பன்மலர்களும்
இன்னிசை யதனை எடுத்துமே பாடும்
பொன்னிறப் புட்களும் பூண்டநற் சோலைவாய்
வன்னமாம் முளரியும் வாய்ந்த செங்குமுதமும்
துன்னுபூம் புனனிறை தூயநற் றடாகமும்
கன்னியர் காமரொண் கண்கவர் வாலிபர்
நன்னல முறவே நகையுட னாடவும்
அன்னமே போலூர் அழகோடம் பயிலவும்
மன்னிய தலங்கள்சேர் மணமகளெனவரு
பொன்னியின் உத்தரம் புனிதமாம் குடந்தையின்
நன்னெறி நிறை கலாசாலையின் றலைவா !
என்னண் பிராச கோபாலவய்யா !
மன்னவன் மகிழ்வுற மதிக்கவும் பெற்றோய் !
பொன்னவள் புகழவும் போற்றுடன் வாழ்கநீ!

S. S. RAJAGOPALA AIYANGAR,
AN 'OLD BOY.'

(We have great pleasure in publishing the above poem with the kind permission of our Principal, R. S)

THE SECOND COLLEGE DAY CELEBRATION.

The second College Day celebrations came off on the 25th of February under the presidency of Mr. E. P. Walsh Dt. and Sessions Judge of Tanjore.

In the morning the Principal was 'At Home' to the students and several matches were played in the various games of Foot-ball Hockey, Fives, etc. In the evening the functions began at 2-30 when light refreshments were served to all. At 3 there was a musical entertainment and Mr. K. R. Subramania Ayyar our Gymnastic Instructor was the musician. This was followed by a Harikatha Kalakshepam by Mr. Vadiraja Rao an 'old boy' of our college, (and an ex-sub-editor too) on 'Garuda Garvabangam'.

The public meeting, the chief function of the evening, commenced at 4-50 when the President and Mrs. Walsh took their seats amidst loud cheers. The first item on the programme was a series of prayers in the several languages represented in the college. Mr. K S Patrachariar M.A.L.T. Lecturer in Mathematics began with a brilliant recitation of two Sanskrit Slokas which was received with great applause. Then followed songs in Tamil Malayalam and Urudu by several students. The next item was the reading of the reports of the various Associations. Mr. N. Ramanujachari read the report of the College Union, Mr. V. Venugopala Aiyangar M.A L.T. that of the Athletic Association Mr. Krishnaswami that of the College Dramas, and Mr. G. Krishnamachari that of the Stationery Society.

The Principal then rose amidst loud cheers to read the College report and his whole report which we publish elsewhere was listened to with great interest.

The next item was the distribution of prizes and Mrs. Walsh gave away the prizes and medals to boys who distinguished in the various competitions and matches (App A.)

The President then made a short speech. At the outset he congratulated our Principal on his being conferred the title of Rao Saheb and on his being the Dt. Scout Commissioner. He congratulated the students on their various activities, especially for their Canoe club with its 'renowned admiral,' for their having a Stationery Society and for their journal, which, he said, he was pleased to hear was edited and contributed mostly by students. He also referred to the glory of the college under Mr. Porter and he closed his speech by giving some piece of wholesome advice to our students.

The President then proposed the toast of the King Emperor which was responded to by all present with great ovation. Rao Saheb C. R. Lakshmivaraha Ayyangar who next proposed the toast of the college gave some of his remeniscences as ex-student of our college and he said that he was glad to note that the glorious traditions of the college were kept up and enhanced by its Present Principal. This was responded to by Mr T. K Hanumantha Rao of our college. The toast of the guests was then proposed by Mr. D. A. Narasimham Pantulu and was responded to by Mr. A. J. King Additional Dt. Magistrate of Tanjore.

The function terminated with the singing of the National Anthem and before the meeting dispersed three cheers were proposed to the King Emperor and to the distinguished guests of the evening.

The Principal's Report on the working of the College for 1921—22.

I have great pleasure in presenting a report on the working of the college during the academic year 1921—22.

Strength:—The strength of the college at the beginning of the long term was 409 and now it is 364 The decline is

due to the introduction of the so-called October examinations for the benefit of failed students. The maximum strength of the college is determined by the size of the lecture halls for accommodating the classes in English and tested by this standard the two Intermediate classes are overcrowded while the two B A. classes are somewhat below strength:—126 and 99 represent the strengths of the Intermediate while 75 and 62 represent those of the B. A classes. Early last term admissions into the Intermediate classes had to be closed for want of accommodation.

Library :—There is a well equipped library and it is very well used by the students.

Scholarships :—There are 7 scholarships and 6 prizes and medals furnished by private endowments and 3 scholarships are given by the Government.

The Kumbakonam College Old Boy's Association, which has been registered under the Charitable Endowments Act, have this year given scholarships to 29 poor and deserving students. I take this opportunity to thank the donors for their generosity and philanthropy and hope that several other Old Boys also willcome forward and add their mite towards increasing the finances of the association.

Tutorial System :—Our tutorial system has been working satisfactorily. The members of the staff are evincing a great interest in the wards entrusted to their care. The excellent tone and discipline of the students of this college is in no small measure due to the personal influence which they are exerting. It is with a peculiar pleasure and pride I congratulate the students on the splendidly loyal way they acquitted themselves last year.

Examination Results :—In the B. A. examination the percentage of passes in Part I is 42·7 and in part II 35. 22·6 in Part I and 32·1 in part II represent the passes in the Intermediate. If we bear in mind the distractions to which the students were subjected to last year the results of the University examinations can only be construed to be fair.

Extra Collegiate Activity:—I wish to draw your particular attention to two features of this college which are peculiarly our own. One is the College Literary Society's Journal and the other is the Co-operative Student's Stationery Society. Both these concerns are entirely run by the students themselves. The Journal which came into being under the auspices and with the blessings of Lord Pentland has entered into the seventh year of its existence. The student sub-editors who are really editors hold office for only one year and their successors are elected by the whole body of the students. Of the 10 sub-editors who have left the the college, at least two I believe have taken to Journalism.

The Student's Co-operative Stationery Society has entered into the third year of its existence; and the two secretaries who are also students have been doing very good work. A special class was held to coach up the students in Banking and other commercial subjects under its auspices by Mr. Raghavachariar Avl., and several students took advantage of the same. The report just read by the Secretary shows the thoroughness with which he has mastered the fundamental principles of co-operative trade and banking.

Excursion:—Nearly 24 stndents belonging to the Science section under the leadership of Mr. K C Viraraghava Ayyar, assistant lecturer in Chemistry, paid a visit to Madras and Nellikuppam to see the different trades and industries and returned considerably benefited The usual grant for excursion not being available, it may be noted that the excursion was undertaken entirely at the expense of the students and the lecturer.

Visit of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales:—The Syndicate was kind enough to issue 16 invitations to students to represent this college at the Senate House during the visit of H. R. H. The Prince of Wales on Friday the 13th January and an invitation to a member of the college staff to lead them. 16 students from the different classes

responded to the call and under the leadership of Mr. K. S. Patrachariar Avl, were present in Madras at the Senate House on that memorable day to welcome H. R. H. I too met the Prince at the Senate House as a Fellow and again at the Government House grounds at the great rally of Boy Scouts held in his honour when I had the good fortune to be introduced to him as a District Commissioner. The hearty Left-hand shake I then had with him will never be eradicated from my memory.

Hostel :—There is a Hostel attached to this college to accommodate 70 students. The number of students seeking admission to the Hostel having far exceeded, an adjacent building has been rented which meets the demand for accommodation only half-way. There is an imperative need for extending the accommodation in the present buildings and I appeal to the students and well wishers of the College to assist the committee in finding the necessary funds which will be liberally supplemented by Government. In case this is not done, the best interests of the Hostel will require the surrender of the entire management of the Hostel to Government.

Extensions:—I have been urging on the department the necessity for carrying out further improvements in the existing building and fresh extensions which, I believe, will be carried out in course of time. Also I have been urging the necessity of opening new courses of study in which this college has not yet been affiliated It is my earnest wish and hope that the public of Kumbakonam and all well wishers of this College will take time by the forelock and do the needful towards making this college a residential one so that its usefulness may be immeasurably increased.

One important source of intense anxiety for me regarding our students is their 'physical degeneration. I took a statiscal survey last year of the physical build of our students and as a result I find that in chest girth, stature

muscular development and other particulars not even 10% came up to the normal standard. This most deplorable fact needs a radical cure. The problem has to be taken up from the very commencement of a boy's school career. It is only if a boy's physical development is given attention to early in his career that he can be a good recruit to the college and we in the college can develop him further. We have been too long acting on the principle of 'All work and no play'. I am tempted to preach for a time at least the opposite principle of 'All play and no work'. But in the Boy Scout movement we have a means of combining active physical exercise and healthy outdoor life with the cultivation of mental alertness and moral rectitude. It is the duty of every school boy to be trained as a Boy Scout and every member of the teaching profession to encourage it. As for the college students, an excellent opportunity has been offered to them for healthy physical development and patriotic service in the University Territorial corps whose organisation the Government has recently announced India's future as a unit of the British Empire is dependent on her sons' readiness to undertake the defence of their country: and it behoves every patriotic young man not to let slip this opportunity to serve in his country's defence. It has further to be remembered that this University corps is intended for the supply of officers for the Territorial units so that enlistment in it offers also honourable careers for our young men. I ask the students of this college to make possible a company in this college and entreat parents to urge their sons to enlist in the corps.

Report of The Kumbakonam College Student's Stationery Society.

The Managing Committee has great pleasure in placing before you, the report of the society for the period commencing from the 31st January and ending with the 31st December, 1921.

The year under report commenced with 204 members on the rolls. There were 58 admissions and 37 withdrawals during the course of the year leaving the number on rolls at present to 225.

Business was commenced in the period with a sum of Rs. 3?4—0—5, this amount being the members' advance including the dividend accrued during the previous periods. The society paid away Rs 141—0—11, towards the advance account of members.

The Reserve Fund of the society amounts to Rs. 137—15—10; and Common-Good Fund to Rs. 42—3—5, a sum of Rs.10—3—0, having been remitted as subscription for the Co-operative News, out of the total of Rs. 52-6-5.

The Society was visited dnring the year by His Excellency Lord Wellingdon, the Hon. Mr. R. Littlehailes, and M. R Ry. A. Ramanujachariar Avl., the Assistant Registrar of Co-operative Societies and,all of them expressed satisfaction at the working of the Society.

Under the auspices of the society, a few classes were held on Saturday after-noons on Elementary Book-Keeping, with special reference to co-operative business under the guidance of Mr. Rao Sahib T. K. Hanumantha Rao when Mr. N. Raghavachariar also had some talks on Co-operation.

The accounts of the society have been audited by two students elected by the general body.

As seen in the balance sheet appended, the net-profits of the Society come to Rs. 193—J—0, which the Managing Committee propose to set apart as under :—

(1) Rs. 7—12—0 for interest accrued on the dividend.

(2) 25% of the remainder which comes to Rs. 46-5-0, for the Reserve fnnd.

(3) A dividend of 9 Ps. per rupee of purchase to be distributed, which will absorb about Rs. 97—7—3.

(4) The balance which amounts to Rs. 41—7—9 as common-good fund.

We wish to conclude the report, with an earnest appeal to the members to try and convince their friends, who have not enlisted themselves as members, of the usefulness of co-operative purchase and distribution and other benefits of this small enterprise in our college.

THE REPORT OF THE COLLEGE UNION

This is a federation of all the College Societies:—The College Literary Society, Mathematics and N. P. Association, Historical Society, and Tamil and Sanskrit Sangams. The College Journal is its organ: and the theatrical performances are held under its auspices. This year, the idea of getting momentous men to deliver extra-ordinary addresses has been initiated with lecture on 'The Message of the Dr. Tagore' by Mr. S. K. Yagnanarayana Iyer Principal of the Salem College Considerable interest was evinced by the students this year on the management of the Society probably owing to the careful husbanding of its resources by our Principal and Mr. T. K. Hanumantha Rau the Treasurer of the Union. An unusual number of business meetings held as a result of which it is likely that the constitution of the Society will rest more on definite rules than on convention. The finances of the Union are very sound as will be evident from the balance sheet appended. The accounts of the society were audited by 4 members elected by the generalbody.

The chief topics discussed during the course of the year under report are given on the next page

Lectures delivered and chief Topics discussed during the year 1921—22.

SUBJECT.	LECTURER OR ESSAYIST.	PRESIDENT.
LITERARY SOCIETY.		
1. Pleasures of Poetry ...	D. A. Narasimham Avl. ...	Rao Saheb P. Rajagopalaiyer Avl.
2. Dr. Gour's Bill:—A debate ... *(The bill defeated by a majority)*	S. Subramaniam N. Ramachandran } ...	N. Ragavachariar
3. Tagore as a Poet ...	N. Pichamoorthy ...	K. C. Veeraragava Aiyar
4. Gokhale and his Message ...	K. Padmanaba Menon ...	V. Mahadeva Iyer
M. AND N. P.		
5. Science and Education ...	K. C. Veeraraghava Aiyar ...	R. Littlehailes Esq.,
6. Advancement of Science ...	S. Narayanaswamy ...	
7. Science of the Hindus ...	R. Tyagarajan ...	T. K. Hanumantha Rao.
8. The Madras Tour ...	M. Sivaraman ...	T. K. Hanumantha Rao.
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.		
9. The Depressed Classes ...	R. Rama Aiyar ...	The Principal
10. War Ethical Study ...	N. Pichamoorthy ...	P. V. Subramania Aiyar
11. Sakha Era ...	N. Subramanian ...	K. V. Subba Aiyar
T. AND S. Sangams.		
12. Ancient Indian History ...	A M. Sadagoparamanuja Chariar	K. C. Veeraragava Iyer
13. Sanskrit Poetry ...	K. S. Patrachariar ...	M. Doraiswami Aiyar

Statement of Income and Expenditure of the College Union for the year 1921—22.

RECEIPT.	DETAILS, Rs,	A.	P.	TOTALS. Rs,	A,	P,
Opening balance				583	1	6
Interest received				21	0	11
Journal:—						
Subcriptions from students ...	485	6	0			
Local arrears received ...	40	0	0	525	6	0
Societies:—						
Subscriptions from students ...	409	0	0			
Donation from Athletic committee for 1st College day celebrations	50	0	0	459	0	0
Drama:—						
Last year drama arrears Rd.	6	6	0			
Sale of Tickets	1130	12	6	1137	2	6
TOTAL...				2725	10	11

DISBURSEMENT.	DETAILS, Rs,	A,	P,	TOTALS, Rs,	As,	Ps,
Cost of two Bromide Enlargements of Messrs, Porter and Gopal Rau,				142	12	8
Incidental bank charges and cheque book ...				2	0	0
Journal:—						
Paper, Printing & Binding ...	331	2	0			
Blocks and Block Prints ...	87	8	0			
Stamps	8	8	0			
Contingent expenses ...	9	12	0	636	14	0
Societies:—						
First College day celebration...	103	13	0			
Prizes and Medals ...	55	5	6			
Travelling bills	23	12	9			
Printing and Stationery ...	25	8	0			
Garlands	6	0	0			
Stamps	4	15	0	219	4	3
Drama:--						
Last year drama arrears cleared	10	2	0			
Refreshments, drinks etc, ...	200	1	6			
Performances and expenses ...	153	4	9			
Green room equipment ...	197	12	0			
Rent for Theatre	112	8	0			
Printing and Stationery ...	57	0	6	730	12	9
Investments:—						
With the Union Bank Ltd. ...	377	11	2			
With the Tanjore Dt. Central Co-operative Bank ...	600	0	0	977	11	2
Closing Balance:—Cash on hand				16	4	6
TOTAL ...				2725	10	11

T. K. HANUMANTA RAU,
Treasurer.

We have audited the accounts of the above fund with vouchers and to our knowledge the account show a correct view of the state of affairs, Auditor's report is herewith attached.

1, K. Aravamuthan, 2. K. Krlshnasami, 3. N. Ramachandran, 4. S. Tyagarajayyar,
Auditors.

COLLEGE ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

All the games provided in this college were played with sustained and eager interest by the students. Out of the total strength of 400, 300 took part in one or other of the games; and if more did not take part, it was because most of them lived in suburban villages far away from the college.

A new game the Basket-ball which yields a maximum of exercise in a minimum of time was introduced this year.

Besides the usual regatta and Annual sports, special inter-class tournaments were held this year in all games except Tennis. The Tournament in Fives was partaken in by old students also. During the year our Hockey team visited Mannargudi and our Foot ball team Trichy; and we were visited by Findlay College, Mannargudi and Government College, Mangalore.

Canoeing: This was the most popular sport of the college; its membership being 90. The canoe club has a fleet of 24 canoes constructed in the college workshop according to the design and under the direct supervision of our Principal or as he has come to be called by the students 'the Admiral of the fleet' Two new canoes were launched this year by Mr. R. Littlehailes D. P. I. christened 'Stella' and 'Mercia' by him. The annual regatta was held in September 1921 and the usual races. Single paddle, pair oars; and Four oars were held. There were also aquatic competions such as swimming and float races.

A special Regatta was arranged in honour of H. E. the Governor of Madras during his visit to this place but could not be held owing to heavy rains. In December the members of the canoe club rowed upto Kapistalam after a brief stay at Tyagasamudram. The party were entertained at Tyagasamudram by an old student of the College and at Kapistalam by Mr Moopanar to both of whom our grateful thanks are due

Tennis: Owing to the high cost of balls, this game did not enjoy the usual popularity this year. Its membership this term has dropped to 17. Early in January a party of the students of the Mangalore College headed by their Principal paid a visit to us and a Tennis match was played between them and us with a win for the visitors of 2 sets to 1.

Hockey: Its membership was 50. Our team played a match in mannargudi with the Findlay College when the home team secured a victory. The match played on the

return visit paid by the Findlay College ended in a pointless draw. In the Inter-class match held, II class A were the winners.

Football : I fear that in this game we are resting on past glory. In the Father Sewell Tournament, our team sustained a defeat in the very first match and we were also defeated by the Findlay College team which paid us a visit in December. In the Inter-class tournament IV class were winners.

Badminton : The membership is 30. Our team played with the Mangalore team during its visit and won. II A were the winners in the Interclass tournament.

Basket Ball : This as has been said, is a new game and has roused considerable enthusiasm.

Fives : There are 4 courts for this game and the membership is 50.

The annual Athletic sports were held on the 2nd September and with all the usual events and one new event *i. e*, Slow Cycle Race. Miss B. T. Banning M A, Ph D. Honorary Principal of the Saraswati Patasala was kind enough to preside and distribute the prizes. The College Volunteer Corps gave help in preserving order on the occasion.

The series of lectures on First Aid have been delivered this year by Dr. Ganapathi Aiyar, the local Civil Assistant Surgeon and our thanks are due to him for his kindness.

THE COLLEGE DRAMAS.

As in the year 1920—21; three dramas were staged by the students of the college *i. e.* Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" in English, Kalidasa's "Malavika-Agnimitra" in Sanskrit and "Usha-Parinayam" in Tamil at the Prince of Wales Theatre this year just before the closing of the college for the Christmas holidays (1921). All the actors in all the three plays acquitted themselves creditably. Some of the actors in each of these plays were the recipients of medals and prizes. A list of the prize-winners and of donors of prizes is furnished on another page.

A good collection resulted from the sale of tickets and the college journal, in aid of which the dramas are enacted year after year, benefited to a large extent. Our thanks are due to the volunteers who not only undertook to sell the tickets and helped to realise a good round sum but

were also of great service at the theatre on the days the dramas were performed on the stage.

We must, before we conclude, convey our grateful thanks to the conductors of all the plays Messrs V. Venugopala Ayyangar of "Antony and Cleopatra, of Messrs P. V. Ramachandracharya and K. S. Patrachariar of 'Malávikagnimitram' and L. Srinivasa Ayyar of Usha-Parinayam—for all the trouble that they took and the time that they spent in coaching up the actors to render their parts on the stage so well as, indeed, they did.

The list of Actors of the various plays is given below.

SHAKESPEARES'S "ANTONY & CEEOPATRA."

Mark Antony	...	D. Srinivasaraghavan	Class	III
Octavius Caesar	...	N Ramachandran	,,	III
Æmilius Lepidus	...	S G. Ramachandran	,,	III
Sextus Pompeius	...	S. Balakrishnan	,,	IV
Domitius Enobarbus	...	M. Kumara Pillai	,,	IV
Mecaenas	...	R. Subramaniam	,,	III
Eros	...	S. G. Ramachandran	,,	III
Scarus	...	S. Raghavachari	,,	III
Dematrius	...	Do.	,,	III
Philo	...	K. R. Srinivasan	,,	III
Agrippa	...	R. Parthasarathi	,,	III
Dolabella	...	S. G. Ramachandran	,,	III
Proculeius	...	S. Balakrishnan	,,	IV
Thyreus	...	D. Narayanamurti	,,	I
Menas	...	S. Tyagarajan	,,	III
Canidius	...	S. Balakrishnan	,,	IV
Euphronius	...	S. Raghavachari	,,	III
Alexas	...	S. Rajagopalan	,,	III
Seleucus	...	S. Tyagarajan	,,	III
Diomedes	...	K. R. Srinivasan	,,	III
Clown	...	M. Kumara Pillai	,,	IV
Messenger	...	T. K. Rajagopapalan	,,	I
Cleopatra	...	G. V. Venkataraman	,,	IV
Octavia	...	R. Srinivasan	,,	III
Charmian	...	R. Lakshmanan	,,	I
Iras	...	R. Vijiaraghavachari	,,	I

V. VENUGOPALA AYYANGAR M.A., L.T. }
S. NARASIMHA AYYANGAR M.A., L.T., } *Conductors.*

P. RAJAGOPALA AYYAR M.A., I.E.S.,
President.

Malavikagnimitram (*In Sanskrit.*)

அக்னிமித்ரராஜன்	...	R. Venkataraman	Class	II
கௌதமன்	...	R. Krishna Rao	,,	IV
அமாத்யன்	...	S. V. Ramamurti	,,	I
சேனுபதி	...	S. Raghavachari	,,	III
கஞ்சுகி	...	R. Tyagarajan	,,	II
ஹரதத்தன்	...	N. Chandrasekharan	,,	IV
கணதாஸன்	...	S Vaithinathan	,,	I
ராஜபுருஷன்	...	T. S. Subramaniyan	,,	II
Do	...	R. Muthuswamy	,,	IV
தாரிணீ	...	N. Subbiah	,,	II
இராவதீ	...	N. Remaswami	,,	II
மாளவிகை	...	V. Ramanathan	,,	II
வகுளாவளிகை	...	S. Subramanian	,,	I
கௌமதிகை	...	R. Rangasayee	,,	I
நிபுணிகை	...	M. Mahalingam	,,	II
பரிவ்ராஜிகை	...	N. Venkataraman	,,	I
ப்ரதீஹாரீ	...	P. S. Rangachari	,,	II
மாதவிகை	...	V. S. Krishnamurthi	,,	II

P. V. RAMACHANDRACHAR M.A.,
Conductor.

R. RKRISHNA RAO,
Secretary.

Usha Parinayam (*In Tamil.*)

அநிருத்தன்	...	K. அனந்தராமன்	வகுப்பு.	II
புஷ்போத்பவன்	...	R. கிருஷ்ணராவ்	,,	IV
பாணுஸுரன்	...	N. வெங்கட்டராமன்	,,	II
கும்பாண்டன்	...	R. ரஙகசாயி	,,	I
காலநாபன்	...	K சுப்பிரமணியன்	,,	II
கிருபாகர்ணன்	...	L நடராஜன்	,,	II
ஸ்ரீ கிருஷ்ணன்	...	C அனந்தசுப்ரமணியன்	,,	I
நாரதர்	...	R. கிருஷ்ணராவ்	,,	IV
பரமசிவன்	...	V. S. கிருஷ்ணமூர்த்தி	,,	II
குறவன்	...	T. V. பராங்குசம்	,,	III
உஷை	...	K. விச்வநாதன்	,,	I
சித்ரலேகை	...	V. கிருஷ்ணமூர்த்தி	,,	I
மாலதி	...	V. கிருஷ்ணமாசாரி	,,	I
ருக்மணி	...	N ராமசாமி	,,	II

L. ஸ்ரீநிவாஸ ஐயர்,
Conductor.

T. V. பராங்குசம்,
Secretary.

Appendix.

List of Prize Winners and Medalists.

NAME.	PROFECIENCEY IN	DONOR	DESCRIPTION.
R Venkatachari IV Class ...	English Essay	College Union.	Books.
T. S. Gangadaran II Class ...	Do. II Prize	Do	Do
N. Chandrasekharan IV Class ...	Tamil Essay	Do	Do
L. Natarajan II Class ...	Do. II Prize	Do	Do
Y. Visvanathan III Class ...	Sanskrit Essay	Do	Do
M. Padmanaba Pillay IV Class D. Srinivasaraghavan	Philosophy Essay	Do	Do
N. Subramaniam ...	History Essay	Do	Do
R. V. Chokalingam N. Ramachandran	English Elocution Senior Prize	Do	Do
R. V. Chokalingam ...	Tamil Elocution	Do	Do
L. G. Subramanian L. Natarajan	Do. II Prize	Do	Do
N. Ramachandran ..	Do. III Price	Do	Do
P. Jayaraman ...	Best Essay on the Science Tour	K. C. Veeraraghava Iyer	Do
K. Krishnaswami ...	Sub-editor ship	Rao Sahib P. Rajagopala Iyer	Gold Medal

D. Srinivasaraghavan ..	English Drama Antony.	Rao Sahib P. Rajagopala Iyer	Books
G. V. Venkataramam VI Class...	Do Cleopatra.	S. Narasimha Ayengar	Do
M. Kumara Pillai IV Class ...	Do Enobarbus	V. Venugopala Ayengar	Medal
N. Ramachandran ...	Do Caesar	Friends	Do
K Visvanathan ...	Tamil Drama Heroine	A. S. Kalyanasundara Sastri	Gold Medal
K. Subramanian ...	Do Kalanabhan		
N. Venkataraman ...	Do Banasuran	Rao Saheb P. Rajagopala Iyer	Medal
V. Krishnamachari ...	Do Malathi	K. S. Patrachariar	Do
R. Venkataraman ...	Sanskrit Drama (Agnimitra)	P. V. Ramachandrachar	Do
M. Subbiah ...	Do (Dharani)	K. S Patrachariar	Do
V. Subramanian ...	Do (Malathi)	Rao Sahib T K Hanumanta Rao	Do
S. Subramanian ...	Do (Bagulavalika)	A. S. Kalyanasundra Sastri	Do
R Krishna Rao ...	(Vasantaka)	K S Patrachariar	Do
N. Ramaswami ...	Do (Iravathi)	Rao Saheb P. Rajagopala Iyer	Do
N. Venkataraman ...	Do (Parivrajika)	College Union	Do
THE COLLEGE TOURAMENTS.			
IV Class Team (6)	Foot-ball sixes	Athletic Association	Gold centered Silver Medal.
II A. (6)	Hockey	Do	
D. Balaraman's Team (5)	Basket-Ball	Do	
II A Team (5)	Badminton	Do	
I C Team (5)	Do Runners up	Do	Bmn. Bats
V. Saminathen and partner	Fives	Do	Medal